

STUDENT REVIEW

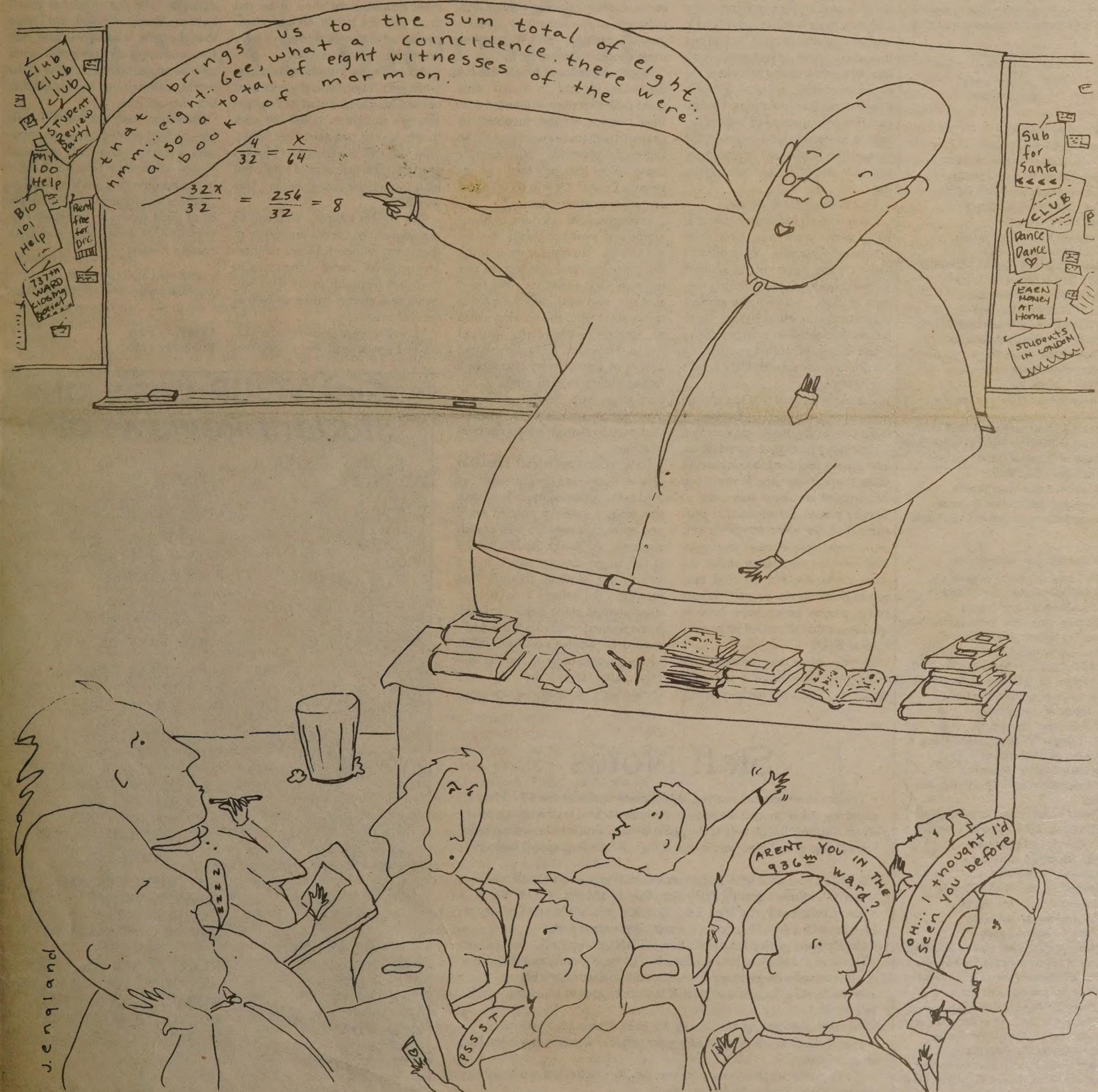
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Student Review is an independent student publication dedicated to serving Brigham Young University's campus community.

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We invite all students to get involved with Student Review. Articles are welcome from anyone involved in the BYU campus community.

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Publisher's Mom's Note: Is BYU the Lord's University?

IN A RECENT conversation with a member of the *Student Review* staff—who shall remain unnamed—I was surprised to hear him state that BYU is not the Lord's university (although he did go on to say that BYU is the Church's university and the temple is the Lord's).

He felt that the freshmen who come to BYU with idealism in their eyes should be made aware of the many less-than-perfect things they will meet in their sojourn at BYU. He said new students must be warned that their great expectations may soon be dashed upon the rocks of the social, academic, political, and administrative manipulations. He also said that one function of *Student Review* is to reveal these errors in the system, to forewarn and thereby fore-arm the naive and unsuspecting.

This attitude troubled me.

I, too, was an idealistic student at BYU some years ago, and even graduated idealistic. Why didn't I focus on the flaws of the system? Why did I enjoy the wonderful offerings at BYU, without the current criticism that might convince me to be less than satisfied with my choice of university. Why did I, and why do I to this day, consider BYU the Lord's university?

Certainly, I agree that the temple is the Lord's Celestial University; it is the university of highest learning, where many of us find ourselves inadequately prepared, having never taken the prerequisites. Perhaps our educational emphasis has been so heavily placed on intellectual pursuits that we have forgotten our most important eternal learnings. Not only do we barely make the entrance exams, but we find ourselves flunking the course! Where can a person better learn how to qualify for this advanced university than at BYU?

In any education process, one must gain knowledge a step at a time. As I teach my early-morning

seminary class, I realize that I am teaching the elementary school of gospel studies, where our youth are just being introduced to exciting and vital eternal principles: "Milk before meat," especially at that early hour! A few students are moving beyond the rest, gaining new insights as they are taught by the spirit, after preparing through scripture study, prayer, and obedience. They are then ready to leave their primary studies and move on to the secondary level of gospel learnings. And so many of them choose to attend BYU.

My students leave for the Lord's Secondary School in Provo with great faith that they will be fed and filled, educated and inspired, to prepare them for the teachings of the Celestial University. Will there be those voices that will feed and inspire in Provo? Or will BYU be like any other academic setting?

I recognize the need for us to examine and evaluate things that we are taught. We must learn to think for ourselves, and not just let our teachers spoon-feed us. We must sink our own teeth into the meat of the matter to find the exciting world of learning—especially gospel truths. However, we in the restored gospel of Jesus Christ also have a responsibility to each other, to lift, encourage, and inspire. We are stewards of truths and testimonies that must be shared to bless the lives of others.

So what am I getting at? I feel that *Student Review* has the obligation, as well as the opportunity, to be a voice that sings a positive note to assist and encourage new (as well as old) students. Although *Student Review* is not an on-campus paper, it is a vehicle for student thought and writing. Sometimes I have been disappointed in the articles printed. Some seemed to advocate disobedience to the prophet's counsel. While I have enjoyed most of the pieces—especially those by my son [publisher's addition]—a few nega-

tive articles have disturbed me. (I was tempted to cancel my subscription). How can staff members who belong to the Lord's church write or sanction writings that do not support the prophet of the Lord?

Yes, life has both sides, the dark and the light, the bad and the good. Yet we individually choose which we will emphasize. For those of us who seek the kingdom of God, we must choose more often to see the good and the lovely, to appreciate and enjoy the great things we have been given—even at BYU.

According to my understanding, when John Taylor was the president of the Church, he called in Brigham Young's daughter to tell her of a dream he had had about her father, who said that the Lord was pleased with the establishment of a house of learning for the young saints. This was BYU.

Yes, BYU is unique. BYU can be considered the Lord's university in that many wonderful teachers there are inspired; many things taught there are inspired; many BYU students seek eternal truths, as well as secular education.

Newspapers are known to be critical and sensational, but I hope that

Student Review will be an influence for good by emphasizing the positive. Of course, this is not to suggest that the *Review* should ignore important issues; rather, staffers should edit carefully those things that may disturb or destroy faith, those things that tear down rather than build up.

Because my son will retire soon, I will not have the opportunity for dialogue with the publisher that I have previously enjoyed. But I hope that the new leaders will see that future issues of the *Review* will be not only be an intelligent window to the world, entertaining and insightful, but also uplifting.

Students, staff, and subject matter—as well as off-campus newspapers that reflect and affect students' views—determine whether BYU is or can become the Lord's university. "If there is anything virtuous, lovely or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things"—even in *Student Review*.

Cheryl A. Fogg

Cheryl A. Fogg
Publisher's Mom

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Courtside Ladies #104
(Alyson, Caitlin, Jill, Tiffany)

NOTE: Thank you all for a wonderful year. Andi and staff, you're great! Readers, you're why we do it! SR makes a great present

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Staff Notes

• Thanks everyone for making this a great semester for SR. Have a smashing vacation, and we hope to see you back on staff next semester, when Allison Allgaier will be the publisher and Eric Schulzke the editor. I'm moving on to bigger and better things: SR Photography Director.

—BJ

P.S. When you need letters of recommendation, be sure to call me.

- Merrill's Housewarming Party: Sat., Dec. 16 at 8 pm. 713 W. 500 S.
- Staff Christmas Party: Wed. Dec. 13 at 8:30 pm. 320 N. 100 E. (Gary's). Thanks to Laurie & Shannon for organizing a great party.
- Carolyn Jew got her mission call to JAPAN! Congrats!!!
- Thank you to Marion, Nathan, Merritt, Shawn, Kyle, Jill, and Brenda for stuffing envelopes, getting paper cuts, and raising money for us.
- Write Sterling Augustine QUICK before he goes to Montana —MTC box # 107.
- Recruitment meeting Thurs., Jan. 18, 1990. Come get involved.
- Thank you to Mark and Jason for your patience & generosity in lending us your house.
- BJ's Tupperware party was a big success. Rumor has it that a Mary Kay party is in the works. BJ denies this.

RELIGION

Reflections on the Restored Gospel

The Meaning of the Atonement

by Hugh Nibley

The Good News. The Atonement is nothing less than the answer to the Terrible Question: "Is this all there is?" If you are a saint, you know that this is a wicked world; if you are the most cynical and worldly unbeliever, you still know by experience that it is a vicious one. It seems that everything we want here is either destructive or trivial.

Jacob, in the Book of Mormon, goes right to the point. The problem is "that our flesh must waste away and die, . . . death hath passed upon all men" (2 Nephi 9:4, 6), and without the resurrection entropy—the good old Second Law of Thermodynamics—must take over. That is entropy, and what is to stop it? Jacob grasps the situation, "There must needs be a power," he says, "of resurrection," and such a power has indeed been provided, "to fulfil the merciful plan of the great Creator" (2 Nephi 9:6).

The Word and the Deed. People are usually surprised to learn that *atonement*, an accepted theological term, is neither from a Greek nor a Latin word, but is good old English and really does mean, when we write it out, *at-one-ment*, denoting both a state of being "at one" with another and the process by which that end is achieved.

The basic word for atonement in Hebrew is *kaphar*, which has the same basic meaning in Aramaic, and Arabic, that being "to bent, arch over, cover; 2) [to pass over with one's palm &c., to wipe out, rub] . . . to deny, . . . to forgive, . . . to be expiated, . . . renounce." The Arabic *kafara* puts the emphasis on a tight squeeze, such as tucking in the skirts, drawing a thing close to one's self. Closely related are Aramaic and Arabic *kafat*, meaning a close embrace, which are certainly related to the Egyptian *hebet*, the common ritual embrace written with the ideogram of embracing arms.

It was the custom for one fleeing for his life in the desert to seek protection in the tent of a great sheik, crying out, "Ana dakhiluka," meaning "I am thy suppliant," whereupon the Lord would place the hem of his robe over the guest's shoulder and declare him under his protection. In the Book of Mormon we see Nephi fleeing from an evil thing that is pursuing him. He comes to the tent of the Lord and enters as a suppliant; and in reply, the Master, as was the ancient custom, puts the hem of his robe protectively over the kneeling man's shoulder (*katafa*). This puts him under the Lord's protection from all enemies. They embrace in a close hug, as Arab chiefs still do; the Lord makes a place for him and invites him to sit down beside him—they are *at-one* (2 Nephi 4:33; Alma 5:24).

This is the imagery of the Atonement, the embrace: "The Lord hath redeemed my soul from hell; I have beheld his glory, and I am encircled about eternally in the arms of his love" (2 Nephi 1:15). "O Lord, wilt thou encircle me around in the robe of thy righteousness! O Lord, wilt thou make a way for mine escape before mine enemies!" (2 Nephi 4:33). "Behold, he sendeth an invitation unto all men, for the arms of mercy are extended towards them, and he sayeth: Repent, and I will receive you" (Alma 5:33).

Ordinances. In ancient Israel, the yearly rite of atonement included the *teshuva*, a "return to God, repentance." The prophets repeatedly invite Israel to return to God, who is waiting with open arms to receive them if only they will repent (Jeremiah 3:14; Leviticus 16:30). They not only return and are welcomed in but they also sit down, and that is the *yeshivah*, "1) sitting, rest, 2) settlement, dwelling, . . . 3) . . . session, council, court." The root *yashav* has the basic meaning of sitting or settling down to live in a place, *yashub* "seated, . . . [a] sitting." You have a place because you have returned home.

All this we find in the Book of Mormon. Along with the embrace already mentioned, we find the formula "have place" used in exactly the same sense (Alma 5:25). Thus Nephi promises Zoram that if he goes down to his father's tent, "if thou wilt go down into the wilderness to my father, thou shalt have place with us" (1 Nephi 4:34).

Temple and Atonement. Book of Mormon instances are quite clear, i.e., "Behold, he sendeth an invitation unto all men, for the arms of mercy are extended towards them, and he saith: Repent, and I will receive you" (Alma 5:33). To be redeemed is to be atoned. From this it should be clear what kind of *oneness* is meant by the Atonement—it is being received in a close embrace of the prodigal son, expressing not only forgiveness but oneness of heart and mind that amounts to identity, like a literal family identity as John sets it forth so vividly in chapters 14 through 17 of his Gospel.

The Ordinances. As understood by the rabbis today, though atonement can only be granted by God (Leviticus 16:30), to have it one must make a confession of guilt with an *asham* or guilt offering. With the loss of the temple and its sacrifices, *teshuva* was interpreted as a "turning" or "returning" to the way of righteousness, requiring both remorse and reparation for one's sinful ways. Though *teshuva* is achieved by own's own effort, "divine mercy is necessary to heal or redeem man from the dire after-effects of sin"; since sin "damages a

person's relationship with the Creator, divine grace is required to achieve full atonement."

Only in such a context does the Atonement, otherwise so baffling, take on its full significance. There is not a word among those translated as "atonement" which does not plainly indicate the return to a former state or condition; one rejoins the family, returns to the Father, becomes united, reconciled, embracing and sitting down happily with others after a sad separation. We want to get back, but to do that we must resist the alternative, being taken into the community of "the prince of this world" (John 12:31).

Washed in the Blood. It is on that principle of opposites that Satan's participation in our lives is to be explained. If we can be "encircled about eternally in the arms of [God's] love" (2 Nephi 1:15), we can also be "encircled about by the bands of death, and the chains of hell, and an everlasting destruction" (Alma 5:7); and if we can be perfectly united in the *at-one-ment*, we can also be "cast out" (Alma 5:25), separated and split off forever—"their names shall be blotted out; . . . the names of the wicked shall not be mingled with the names of my people" (Alma 5:57). When Satan claims you as his, there is indeed a horrible oneness; for he too will embrace you to get power over you. He will hold you in his strong embrace, having a great hold over you. Joseph Smith felt that power, and it was not an imaginary power at all, a power many have felt since (JS-H 1:16). For he "get[s] possession" of you (3 Nephi 2:2), "for Satan desireth to have you" (3 Nephi 18:18), just as the Lord does. So while

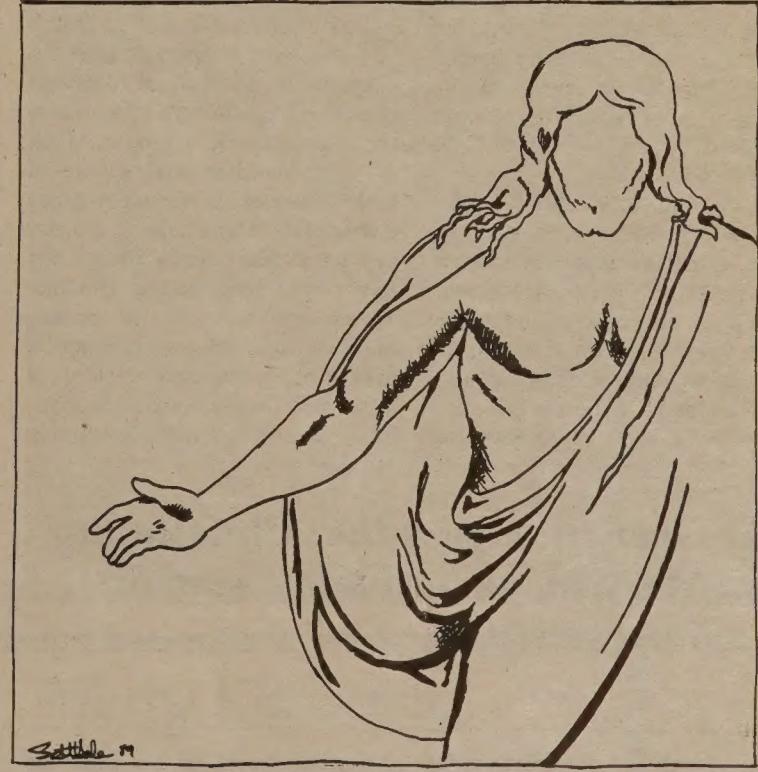
Abraham (D&C 101:4-5).

The point of all this is that atonement requires of the beneficiary nothing less than willingness to part with his most precious possession.

How Much Pain? Another question that the Atonement raises, which has puzzled me for years, is that to achieve the Atonement the Lord "suffereth the pains of all men, yea . . . of every living creature . . . who belongeth to the family of Adam" (2 Nephi 9:21). There are two questions here. The first question is, how is such suffering possible or conceivable? We are told that as a mortal Christ suffered "temptations, and pain of body, hunger, thirst, and fatigue, even more than man can suffer, except it be unto death" (Mosiah 3:7). Here death seems to place a limit on suffering, but there is suffering that knows no limit. Our physical capacity for pain is quite limited—nature's defenses take over and we black out. But what about the reach of imagination, comprehension, or surmise—to such things there is no limit. However great the physical pain, it was not that which atoned for our sins, "for behold, blood cometh from every pore, so great shall be his anguish for the wickedness and the abominations of his people" (D&C 19:18). This was the cause of a suffering of which we cannot conceive, but which is perfectly believable.

Going to the Source. The standard guide to the Atonement is the Gospel of John. It is not surprising that John is the only New Testament character besides the Lord who is named in the Book of Mormon. John testifies to "that which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life" (1 John 1:1).

There are more than a dozen enlightening discourses on the Atonement in the Book of Mormon. None is more remarkable than the impressive epitome contained in a single verse, the conclusion of Enos' movingly personal story: "And I soon go to the place of my rest, which is with my Redeemer; for I know that in him I shall rest. And I rejoice in the day



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when my mortal shall put on immortality, and shall stand before him; then shall I see his face with pleasure, and he will say unto me: Come unto me, ye blessed, there is a place prepared for you in the mansions of my Father. Amen" (Enos 1:27).

This edited version of The Meaning of the Atonement is printed with the consent of Dr. Nibley and F.A.R.M.S.

ISSUES

by Thomas E. Lyon

Director of Undergraduate Studies at the David M. Kennedy Center, and Chair of the Department of Spanish and Portuguese.

This essay is adapted from lecture notes entitled "Mormonism and Marxism in Latin America" delivered by Dr. Lyon on November 29 as part of Religion Week at Brigham Young University.

As I BEGIN, I would like to announce that I am not a Marxist. I do not advocate Marxism. I have visited and lived in many countries with Marxist governments but I do not espouse their concepts. To use jargon popular in the 50s "I am not now, nor have I ever been a member of the Communist [or "Marxist"] party." Further, this essay is not an attempt to prove that Mormons are similar to Marxists or that they ever should be. It is simply a study of the history of Mormonism in a few Marxist countries, specifically in Latin America, an examination of the problems such a combination presents, and a look at possible solutions.

As part of the charge to take the gospel to the entire world Parley Pratt and his wife visited and taught in Chile in 1851 but with no noticeable success. In the 1870s a Spaniard came to Utah, was converted, and took the gospel into Mexico, but once again in only a very limited way. There was no major missionary movement from North America to Mexico or Latin America until the next decade.

In the mid-1880s Mormon Colonies were founded in Mexico, but once again this was not a missionary activity, rather the regular Mormon attempt to find a haven and escape from persecution (in this case the practice of celestial or plural marriage). Finally, in the late 1880s and early 1890s, some fifty years after

it was not until the 1960s that the Church really began to "cover the territory" in Latin America as new missions were formed in Chile, Peru, Ecuador, and eventually Colombia and Venezuela. Missionary work truly "took off" in the 1960s and has continued in strength to the present.

At present there are approximately 1.4 million members of the L.D.S. Church in Latin America; 250 thousand of these reside in Portuguese-speaking Brazil. The remainder are Spanish speakers. (Despite some incorrect claims a few years ago, there are three times as many English-speaking church members as Spanish-speaking, and the trend seems to be continuing in that direction.) Thus it should be obvious that the Church is still relatively new in Latin America. Of the those members, more than three quarters are first generation L.D.S., and most leaders of the Church in Latin America are extremely young. It is not uncommon that stake presidents be called at age 28 or 30 in Latin America. Many bishops are called at age 24 or 25.

Marxism is also fairly new to the region. What we now call Marxism is a compilation of both what Marx himself wrote (before and after the Communist Manifesto of 1848) and also what his followers have added. I emphasize that final phrase. Much of what Marxism has become in Latin America is not what Marx envisioned. Marx himself did not develop a clear political theory, but rather dwelt more on the economic aspects of history. In this context, Marx viewed work as a necessity for mankind. He discussed the tools of labor and the ownership of these tools. He saw that in the developing

Mormonism and A Rapprochement in

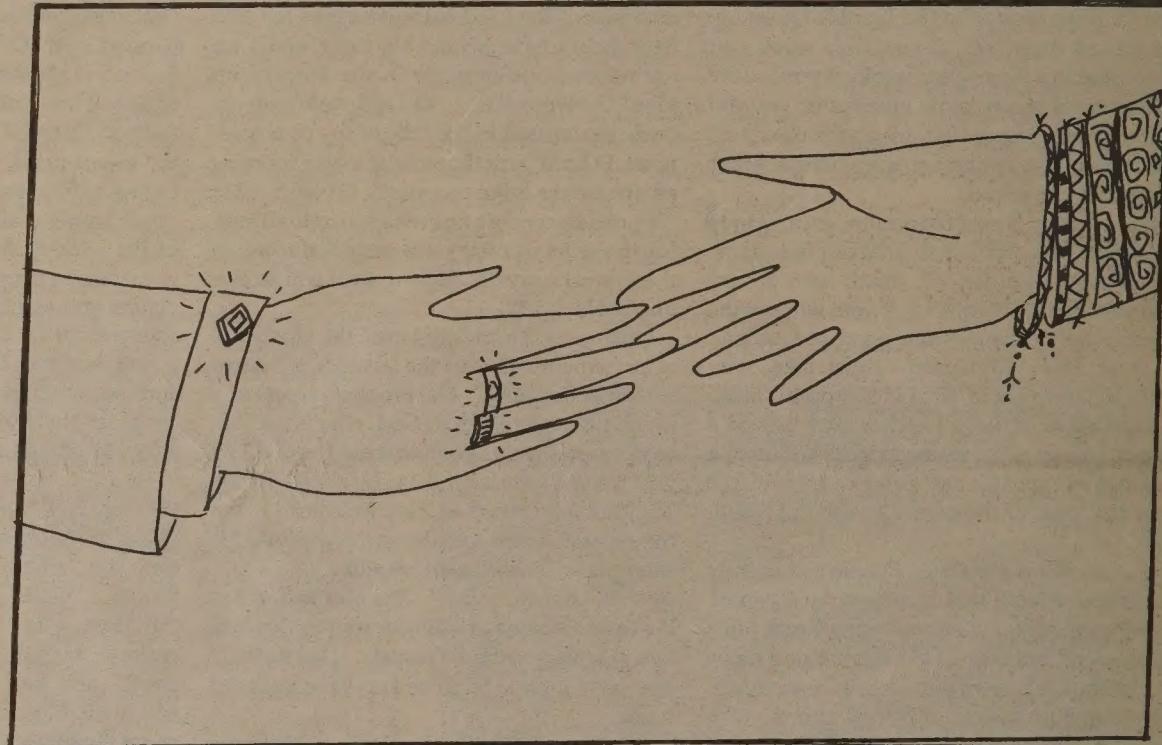
a happier, less alienated, more complete human being. A type of communism (and I do not refer to that which we have known in Eastern Europe and China) would grow from the revolution following capitalism. This final state would approximate a type of utopia for all.

Since Marx, his disciples have taken his ideas and carried them to many parts of the world. Indeed, "revolutions" with some basis in

stated that religion is the "opium of the masses"; however, this statement may be open to contradiction or misinterpretation. Marx did not advocate the violent overthrow of religion. Religion was not the root cause, but only the key symptom of human estrangement. With the completion of the more perfected communist state, religion would likely disappear and would have little place in the new society.

which supports totalitarian regimes and an unjust status quo.

Indeed, many mainline Protestants as well as Roman Catholic theologians have joined in a cry for liberation and freedom from oppression for the poor in Latin America. Many of the Catholic priests and Protestant ministers who have taken this step see themselves as the Old Testament prophets in their denunciation of the ways in which religion



Marxism have occurred in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Central and South America. Much of the contemporary world has been directly influenced by Marx and his numerous disciples. It is estimated that at the present time approximately 1/3 of the population of the world lives under a Marxist government, or at least a government directed by many Marxist ideals. However, much of the humanistic vision of society created by Marx has been turned into bloody and brutal oppression. Followers often pervert original concepts.

Adam Smith, the moral philosopher who has become known as "The Father of Capitalism" (although he never used or heard that word), has also been altered to some extent. It seems to be the inevitable fate of great men to be reduced in size and scope by the lesser men who take up their banner for purposes that are not always the same as those of the originator.

One of these disciple changes has occurred with respect to religious practices. That Marx himself generally argued that religion would be eliminated in his utopia is a question for debate. In the Manifesto Marx

That the Marxism practiced in Latin America today is diametrically opposed to religion seems equally misunderstood. As Marxism has transformed and grown into the 20th century, many political movements have accepted religion, and even incorporated some religious practice into Marxism or some Marxist practice into religion. I refer here especially to Latin America where a recently developed "liberation theology" has emerged linking Marx and Christ in a very holy union.

BEGINNING IN THE 1970s, (especially in Brazil, Argentina, and Chile) a movement called liberation theology grew up from many Catholic priests. This theology makes explicit use of Marxist thought and couples it with Christ's teachings regarding the poor, consecration of one's goods, and the biblical injunctions of deliverance for those who are in bondage or suffering.

These Christian concepts are often linked with the Marxist hope for freedom from class oppression. This philosophy or theology criticizes any church, including the founders' own Catholic Church,

may be incorrectly used to support unjust kings, or using a twentieth century word, totalitarianism.

Another major theme of liberation theology is the emphasis that Christianity should transform the world, very similar to what Marx expressed. It is critical of economic exploitation and often criticizes the wealthier nations who have talked of "developing" the Third World (that development is often viewed as exploitation by those who receive it in Latin America). The meaning of salvation is broadened in liberation theology. It includes not only eternal life, but greater fullness of life here on earth. Marxism, liberation theology, and Christ himself, share in the criticism of traditional religion.

There is little theoretical reason why Mormonism should conflict with Marxist governments in Latin American countries. Yet violence in Latin America towards the Church gives the impression that the two ideologies are in serious conflict. But it is simply not true that all violence toward Mormons is inspired by Marxism. For example, the U.S. State Department records that from

Che Guevara argues that Christianity and Marxism are a single vision of utopian society.

Joseph Smith had sent missionaries to Great Britain, most of continental Europe, Jamaica, the islands of the Pacific, etc., missionaries began slow work in Mexico.

Converts were made in Mexico, especially in the rural areas. However, very little missionary activity in Latin America extended beyond this nearest neighbor. It wasn't until 1925 that we sent missionaries to Argentina, and dedicated all of South America for missionary work. Even then, progress was very slow.

industrial world of his time the worker was often exploited and not in control of the commodities he produced. The worker sold himself to the company and in the process experienced alienation from his source or his true self. Marx predicted that this would soon lead to revolution in which workers would organize and create a classless society.

This revolution would truly be a continuous revolution to always improve the worker's lot and create

Marxism

Latin America?

1984 to July 22 of this year, 62 attacks have been made against L.D.S. chapels in Latin America. Forty-six of these were in Chile, seven in the Dominican Republic, five in Bolivia, three in Colombia, and one each in Argentina and Venezuela. Recently two L.D.S. missionaries were killed in Bolivia. Most of these are not affirmed Marxist attacks.

Neither is this the first time missionaries have been killed in recent years. Two young men were also killed by a butcher in Texas, but of course no one called him a Marxist. And as anthropologist David Knowlton and others have shown, where these attacks are confirmed as Marxist attacks, they are not directed against religion, but against the "North Americanism" which the Church represents in the minds of many.

Besides violence against the Church which gives the impression that Mormonism and Marxism cannot coexist, many countries in Latin America have simply refused to allow the Church in. In Cuba, for example, there is no L.D.S. Church. But it is important to note that the 1959 revolution which overthrew a very cruel dictator occurred before the Church really entered the Caribbean area to carry out mission work. Hence there was simply no opportunity for the Church to begin missionary work. We do not know how much effort has been made by Church leaders to establish branches of proselytes in Cuba. Marxism in Cuba, and most of Latin America is not experiencing the great desire for reform that is sweeping Eastern Europe. When Gorbachev visited Cuba earlier this year Castro told him that Cuba would "go its own way" with Marxism and would not change directions. In short, the *perestroika* of European communists is not evident in Cuba, at least at this moment.

In Nicaragua, the Marxist Revolution of 1979 rid the country of a cruel and dictatorial family. A Marxist regime soon developed. L.D.S. Church properties were confiscated, and missionary work ended. However, at the present time all but one of the chapels are back in the hands of the church, a mission president is functioning, and 70 missionaries freely proselytize, make converts, baptize, and carry on a full church program. Chapels which were seized were not desecrated and the reason behind the seizure was not because they were L.D.S., but because they represented North America.

In Chile, a communist president, Salvador Allende, was elected in 1970. He only lasted for three years, but during that period of time the Church prospered in freedom. The prosperity I refer to comes in the number of baptisms, building of chapels, and freedom of movement. The problem for many members during this time was not one of allegiance. Our 12th Article of Faith states that we should support government. But many in Chile wanted to interpret this to mean support only if the government is conservative and right-wing.

When the Allende government was overthrown by a harsh general, Pinochet, scores of members were jailed or otherwise persecuted because they had actively supported the previous government. Others, who had opposed Allende, took an "I told you so" attitude. During the past sixteen years the Chilean military dictatorship has brought considerable economic stability to the country and the L.D.S. Church has grown very rapidly. Nevertheless, this has also been the period of most attacks against the L.D.S. chapels. Many Chilean members find themselves in a similar dilemma as the one from 1970-73—should they lend support to a government that oppresses and limits the masses? Despite the quandary, Mormonism finds adherents and continues to increase in numbers. Mormons and their property, however, frequently come under attack from Marxist and many other groups which oppose the North American image that the Church projects.

In addition to being attacked on the basis of our North American origin and appearance, Mormons sometimes face a problem of being caught on the wrong side. We may support the rightist dictatorship and then it is overthrown by a Marxist movement. Or the opposite may be true—we are supporting a Marxist government and have it overthrown by a dictatorship. This situation obviously creates serious problems, as it did in Chile.

MARXISTS FUNCTION AS serious rebels in El Salvador, Peru, and most other Latin American countries. All but a few of these countries have well-organized, sincere Marxist parties. The citizens of Montevideo, Uruguay just elected a Marxist mayor. Marxists in many other countries are winning senate seats in regular elections. Marxism is on the ascendency and intends to stay that way. The Mormon Church would also like to

stay in Latin America and so they must learn to live together.

What are the solutions? Trying to remain apolitical has been suggested as one. But this does not seem possible. Missionaries are reminded regularly to not enter into political topics—but not enough. And even if the rules became stricter, the outward appearances of missionaries remain North American. Our origins remain North American. Our ideology in many ways remains North American. Our prophet is North American. Our headquarters are in North America. Most of our buildings appear North American.

The most obvious solution has to be peaceful coexistence. 1.4 million L.D.S. in Latin America (not all of whom are actively involved) are no threat to Marxist ideology. Most Marxists do not even know we exist. We constitute about 1/3 of 1% of the total population of Latin America. There are many millions of Marxists. We must not fight them; we cannot make converts of enemies.

In addition, Marxism and Mormonism need not be seen as mutually exclusive. Many intellectuals, artists, professors, and some professionals boast a Marxist orientation. Why? Are they naive, misguided do-gooders? No. Marxism holds a promise. As many see that neither traditional religion nor traditional governments have improved life for the vast majority, Marxism becomes *hope*. Che Guevara argues that Christianity and Marxism are a single vision of utopian society: "Christians must decide for revolution, particularly in our continent, where the Christian faith is so important among the masses of the people. When Christians will dare to give a total revolutionary testimony, the Latin American revolution will be invincible, because until now Christians have allowed their doctrine to be instrumentalized by reactionaries." And Schumpeter says "Marxism is a religion. To the believer it presents, first, a system of ultimate ends that embody the meaning of life and are absolute standards by which to judge events and actions; and secondly a guide to those ends which implies a plan of salvation and the indication of the evil from which mankind, or a chosen section of mankind, is to be saved."

Many principles of Mormonism and Marxism are similar. For example, both believe that man is free—not subject to original sin. He

does not have a fallen nature. Both believe that man is capable of perfection. Both Mormonism and Marxism have a vision of sharing and caring—brotherhood of all humans. Both have a strong work ethic, a high moral code, and an abhorrence of "evil designs of men," especially with respect to alcohol or drugs. And Marxist and Mormon ideologies include a belief that salvation and redemption are possible by our actions.

Finally, I think that we must be educated about Marxism. Where has it worked? What are its teachings? We should teach our missionaries about Marxism. Naive anti-Marxism hurts us and creates the impression that we are a capitalist, North American Church. We need to avoid giving the impression to

those in Marxist countries that the Mormons are very right wing, Jimmy Swaggert types. As David Knowlton suggests, we need to nationalize the Church more thoroughly—Nicaragua is an example. We need an informal but public dialogue with the left in Latin America, not the violent revolutionaries. And we need to recognize that our supposed non-partisan stand is often quite partisan.

Again, I do not suggest that as individuals or as a Church we espouse Marxism. I simply state that we must function in a world where Marxism exists. We do not need to oppose the governments or ideals, rather we must learn to co-exist, without generating animosity by creating barriers.

Housing Questionnaire

Do you enjoy washing dishes?
Do you enjoy paying outrageous utility bills?
Do you enjoy traveling across Provo to get to class?
Do you enjoy living in Utah's 80-plus summer weather?
Do you enjoy it when your plumbing, furniture, and TV all need to be fixed?

If You Do Enjoy These Things
 Then

Stop Reading This Ad.
 If You Don't Enjoy These Things
 Then
 Move To:

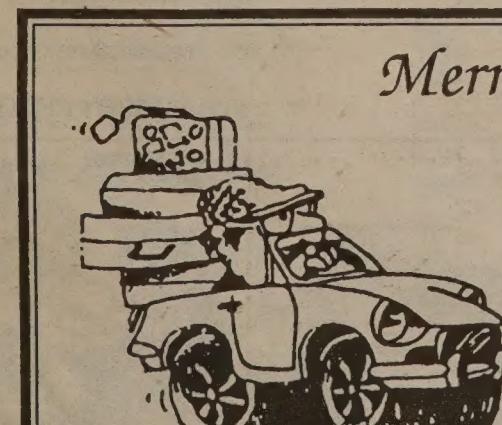
Centennial	374-1700	362 N. 1080 E.
Centennial II	374-8441	362 N. 1080 E.
Park Plaza	373-8972	910 N. 900 E.
Roman Gardens	373-3454	1060 E. 450 N.
Sparks	375-6808	999 E. 450 N.

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CAMPUS LIFE

The President Speaks

By Michael Mower

On Wednesday, December 6, President Rex E. Lee held an open press conference. Student Review was fortunate enough to acquire a transcript not only of what the President said, but of what he was thinking as he answered each question. Here are a few of his comments along with his internal intellectual comments.

Student: "Why did you take the job as BYU President?

Official Reply: "It was an opportunity to serve with people I respect at an institution I love."

Thought process: "Turn down a personal request from the Prophet? Right. Like I want to spend eternity in the celestial kingdom as a bunkmate of George (no relation to me) P. Lee."

Custodian: "What made you decide not to live in the Holland's home on campus?"

Official reply: "We already have a home here in Provo and I didn't want to move the kids."

Thought: "The thought of having the BYU police force as the first line of defense against potential pillow-wielding rioters was just too scary."

Biology man: "What do you think about Geneva Steel and pollution?"

Official reply: The University's policy on Geneva has always been one of neutrality. Inside his mind: "RED RUM, RED RUM, RED RUM..."

Prayer for peace: "Why can't the Student Review be distributed on campus?"

The line: "We're a private university following Church standards. Besides, we already have the Universe and it clutters up the library enough as it is."

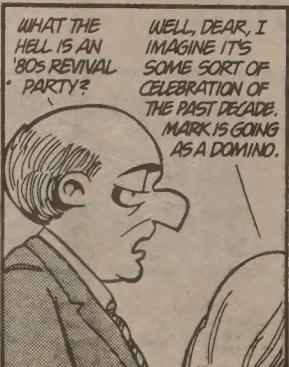
The rest: "First Student Review, then they'll want Playboy. These students just don't know where to stop. Soon they'll demand coed apartments, porno-flicks in the Varsity Theater and showing 'The Godmakers' during a devotional. Best to nip it in the bud now, before it's out of control."

Nervous professor: "Do you subscribe to the maxim of publish or perish?"

What was heard: "We base our version of tenure on several factors..."

What wasn't heard: "Bud, if you can't write, then maybe you'd better do what Placement tells our less-than-able applicants to do and try Ricks, UVCC, or the University of Hawaii."

Doonesbury



See President next page

BY GARRY TRUDEAU

Holiday Ramen Recipes

by Dan Sorensen

The Christmas season is here and with it comes the responsibility of entertaining loved ones and friends. However it is often difficult to entertain with style on the strained budget of a student. To make your job an enjoyable as well as impressive experience, we present to you a collection of tasty yet affordable alternatives.

Santa's Surprise- Watch their eyes light up like Christmas trees as this warm and tasty treat is served. Great after sleigh rides or making snowmen.

- 3 packages stir fry flavored Top Ramen

- 2 cups Holiday M&M's
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup maple syrup
- 6 candy canes (optional)

* Prepare packages of Ramen in accordance with instructions on back, drain water and turn stove to low. Now stir in butter and syrup until melted, then mix in M&M's. Serve on platter framed with candy canes. Serves 4.

Manger munch- When the wind is blowing and the snow is falling they want rib-sticking fare that will keep them going. This offers healthy goodness with a distinctive holiday flavor.

- 3 packages beef flavored Top Ramen

- 1 large yam
- 1/2 lb feta cheese
- 1 can creamed corn

- 1/2 lb ground beef
- 1 tsp minced cloves
- 1 tsp allspice

* Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Brown ground beef in skillet, Do not drain grease. Mix in thinly sliced yam, corn, and spices. Prepare ramen as usual, drain water. Take mixture from skillet and mix with noodles. Place in casserole pan and grate cheese over top, then place in oven for 50 minutes or until cheese is melted. Serves 4-5.

Santa Maria- Tired of traditional holiday fixin's? This tummy teaser combines those Christmas favorites with zesty south of the border flair.

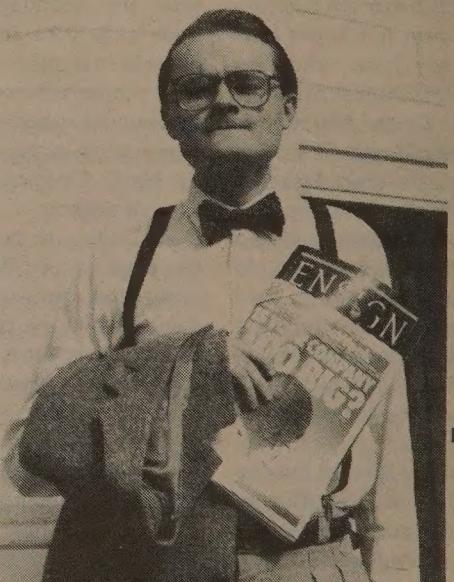
- 3 packages special chicken flavored Top Ramen
- 1/2 lb turkey
- 2 minced jalapeno peppers
- 1/2 lb grated cheddar cheese
- 1 can refried beans
- 1 cup tequila (optional)
- 1 Bottle T.V. brand salsa

* Before cooking Ramen, boil turkey for 15 minutes, then allow to cool in order to shred into bite sized pieces. Prepare Ramen as usual, drain water. Mix noodles, turkey, peppers, beans, and salsa. Cover with cheese and place in preheated oven for 15 minutes. When serving, place pan next to table and douse with tequila, then ignite. Ole!

Look for a forthcoming book from Dan entitled "Things I've done with a Turkey."

DESPERATE BACHELOR

Seeks Eternal Companion



- current temple recommend holder
- conservative Republican
- small-town Utah values & perspectives
- references available from grandmother
- Winter internship in Washington DC
- former Seminary class president

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SPORTS

Battle of the Giants II

Interview by Debi Kendall

Don Norton and George Pace: both Idaho farm boys, both very competitive, both Nibley fans, both professors at BYU, and both athletic giants. I spent some time with each of them this week as they discussed their competitive spirits and athletic abilities. Both were eager to brag about their bodies, Idaho, and their athletic superiority. The following is a preview for the next chapter, the fifth decade of this ongoing battle of wits and brawn.

GEORGE PACE

Brother Pace, give me some of your athletic background.

When I was in high school I played football. I was on the All-Star football team in Idaho in 1948. I was also a member of the tumbling team and we gave exhibitions during halftime at basketball tournaments throughout southern Idaho. After I got out of high school I enrolled in a gymnastics class at Logan where I did my first year of college. I was on the team and competed on the flying rings and the high bar. I still work out on the highbar and do pushups, situps, running, and jogging. I try and do three sets of 20 or 30. The last two or three years I've gotten into mountain climbing quite extensively. I've climbed the Grand Tetons several times and gone trekking in the Himalayas.

SR SCOREBOARD

NFL STANDINGS — WEEK 14

AFC EASTERN	W	L	I	PF	PA
Buffalo	8	6	0	362	296
Miami	8	6	0	294	310
Indianapolis	7	7	0	250	247
e-New England	5	9	0	267	339
e-N.Y. Jets	4	10	0	239	336
AFC CENTRAL	W	L	I	PF	PA
Houston	9	5	0	338	327
Cleveland	7	6	1	287	217
Cincinnati	7	7	0	322	249
Pittsburgh	7	7	0	206	294
AFC WESTERN	W	L	I	PF	PA
c-Denver	10	4	0	309	207
L.A. Raiders	8	6	0	281	240
Kansas City	7	6	1	278	242
Seattle	6	8	0	218	281
e-San Diego	4	10	0	227	261
NFC EASTERN	W	L	I	PF	PA
Philadelphia	10	4	0	291	230
N.Y. Giants	10	4	0	299	235
Washington	8	6	0	327	278
e-Phoenix	5	9	0	244	309
e-Dallas	1	13	0	194	358
NFC CENTRAL	W	L	I	PF	PA
Minnesota	9	5	0	305	231
Green Bay	8	6	0	302	318
e-Chicago	6	8	0	333	311
e-Detroit	5	9	0	248	333
e-Tampa Bay	5	9	0	291	355
NFC WESTERN	W	L	I	PF	PA
p-San Francisco	11	2	0	365	216
L.A. Rams	9	4	0	337	280
e-New Orleans	7	7	0	315	279
e-Atlanta	3	11	0	225	375

c= clinched division title. p= clinched playoff berth. e= start making offseason vacation plans.

PAST

N.Y. Giants 14, Denver 7
N.Y. LB Gary Reasons (11 tackles, 3 assists, 1 FPPD*, 1 INTOT**, 1 standard quote***) leads Giants to win in rematch of Super Bowl XXI in snowbound Denver. *Fake Punt First Down, ** Hit O' The Week, *** They showed up ready to play. We were never quitters.

New Orleans 22, Buffalo 19

Saints start QB John Fourcade (has played for 7 years in 4 leagues, 1st start since '87 strike) and hand Bills 4th loss in 6 games. Upbeat Bills: NT Fred Smerlas: "It's been a horror show." DE Leon Seals: "I don't think I can get any lower than I am right now. We looked like crap."

Philadelphia 20, Dallas 10

There have been a lot of rumors going around about the size of your chest. How big is it?

My chest is at least 58 inches.

How big is Don Norton's?

Well, I would imagine it's something in the neighborhood of sixteen inches. Don's body is really something. He is so thin. He has to run around in the shower to get wet. But if I had a body like his, with no wind resistance, I wouldn't have any problem doing a giant swing [on the highbar]. I'm stocky. I'm thick. I'm very solid. And Don is very thin and all he is is just a few long muscles. Not only that, he has less hair than I do and that's also less wind resistance.

Is there something that would be a competitive athletic challenge between you and Don Norton?

There is no question in my mind that I could do more pushups and I could outrun him, and I'm sure I could do more situps. I think, and I mean this in a kind way, that there are very few things that he can beat me at except that he just happens to have the giant swing down. I was going to say arm wrestling, but I don't think he has much of an arm. I don't think he could

really give me any competition in arm wrestling.

What about gymnastics?

I don't think he does handstands. Other than that one quite insignificant trick of doing a giant swing, there isn't anything Don could beat me at athletically. He's taller than I am, but I can run faster and longer. I have more resistance, more wind, more stamina. I think Don prays everyday for medical science to advance to the point of where they can perfect the body transplant.

I hear you're a pretty good arm wrestler and that you even beat Stephen Covey.

Yes.. Terry Warner wrote an article for *The Daily Universe* in 1967 entitled "The Battle of the Giants" and it was a battle between the faculty and the administration. We were to meet at the step-down lounge in the Wilkinson Center on a Spring day. Steve [Covey] got there before I did and he had his coat off and his sleeves rolled up. He was strutting around putting on a pretty good show, showing off his body. I came in and I looked at him and said, "Steve, it's good to see you with your coat off. Your physique reminds me of when I was twelve." Terry Warner refereed the arm

DON NORTON

A lot of comments have been made about your chest size compared to George Pace's.

After he got to BYU he started boasting about his physical prowess. He made jokes about his 58-inch chest. One year I had a Freshman English class meeting in the Smith building. They were supposed to write an in-class essay. I called up George and said, "George, would you slip upstairs and get them to writing. I'll come by and pick up the essays later." I went back about five minutes before class ended and I walked in and about 20 seconds later I heard a girl giggle. Then someone else laughed and pretty soon the whole class were laughing. I said, "O.K, what did he say?" One person said, "Brother Norton, do you really have a 29-inch chest?"

What do you think of George's bragging about his chest size?

George is always bragging about his 58-inch chest. He was in the bishopric of the 10th ward that met in the JSB auditorium in 1967-1968 when he first came back to graduate school.

He had the razor in his hands and his elbows were right against his sides and he was shaving with only the motion of his wrists.

wrestle and said, "On the count of three I want you to hit it!" Terry counted to three and Steve threw himself into it and I looked at Steve and said, "Steve, you're supposed to hit it now." So I kind of toyed with him for a little while and then I put him down. He stood up and said, "Boy, that's something. Someone in the College of Religion relying on the arm of flesh."

George was immensely popular. They had a 130-140% attendance at mutual, but the next year they put George in the high council over the ward. They had a big party and invited George to give a talk. He was up there waxing eloquent about his prowess, motoring along, and suddenly his wife comes up and puts her

please see Giants on next page

Wilson pays for 261 yds. passing by eating 5-course meal of Orange Bowl turf due to sackage.

PICKS

The hand-picked SR Staff of experts vaulted to the top this week, navigating dangerous upset waters with wise, prudent choices.

	This Week	Overall
SR Sports Staff	9-4	33-22 60%
Computer (XOR's "NFL Challenge")	7-6	32-23 58%
Final NFL Odds Line	6-7	31-24 56%
Random Coin Flip	5-8	26-29 47%

This week's stabs:

GAME	COMP	SR	LINE	COIN
Dallas at Giants	Giants	Giants	Giants	Giants
Denver at Phoe.	Denver	Denver	Phoe.	Denver
Buff at S.F.	Buff.	S.F.	S.F.	S.F.
G.B. at Chi.	Chi.	G.B.	Chi.	Chi.
T.B. at Cinc.	Cinc.	Cinc.	Cinc.	Cinc.
Miami at Ind.	Indy	Indy	Indy	Indy
Minn. at Clev.	Minn.	Minn.	Minn.	Clev.
N.E. at Pitt.	N.E.	N.E.	Pitt.	Minn.
S.D. at K.C.	K.C.	K.C.	K.C.	K.C.
T.B. at Detroit	T.B.	Detroit	T.B.	Detroit
Wash. at Atl.	Wash.	Wash.	Wash.	Wash.
Jets at Rams	Rams	Rams	Rams	Rams
Raiders at Sea.	Raiders	Raiders	Raiders	Raiders
Phil. at N.O.	Phil.	Phil.	Phil.	Phil.

PACIFIC

	W	L	Pct.	GB	Home
L.A. Lakers	14	5	.737	—	10-1
Portland	15	6	.714	—	10-1
Seattle	11	7	.611	2.5	9-1
Phoenix	7	8	.467	5	7-3
L.A. Clippers	6	11	.353	7	6-4
Sacramento	6	11	.353	7	6-6
Golden State	4	14	.222	9.5	4-5

SMITTY'S TOP 20 COLLEGE BASKETBALL TEAMS and recent scores

#1 Syracuse (6-0) downed #12 Duke 78-76, clubbed mighty Canisius 92-72. Bruising Derrick Coleman scored 34 pts., hauled down 38 rebs. in the two games.
#2 Georgetown (5-0) beat North Carolina to end Big East-ACC Tourney in a 4-4 tie. Ripped Rice 81-60 to extend home winning streak to 22.
#3 Missouri (7-0) managed to get by Hawaii-Loa 106-48, subdued Old Dominion 88-75. Doug Smith totalled 40 pts. for the Tigers.
#4 Kansas (9-0) triumphed over SMU 86-53, and Kentucky 150-95. That last score is not a mirage, and is a new Jayhawk record for pts. scored in a game. This is the truest team in the top 20 vs. SMU, 6 players scored in double figures, vs. Kentucky, 7 did it.
#5 Louisiana State (4-1) tagged Cal State-Los Angeles 82-57, despite soph. guard Chris Jackson's career-low 11 pts. Stanley Roberts, another soph. scored 24pts., Shaquille O'Neal added 22.
#6 Illinois (5-0) won Illini Classic over Metro State 96-62 behind Marcus "Miss" Liberty's 16 pts. A fine way for coach Lou Henson to get his 300th career victory.
#7 Nevada-Las Vegas (3-2) lost to #9 Oklahoma 89-81 despite 29 pts. and 14 reb. by Larry Johnson.
#8 Arkansas (5-0) make Kansas jealous by setting team record for pts. in a game in 161-101 romp over U.S. International. Their paltry old record was 131 pts.
#9 Oklahoma (4-0) knocked #7 UNLV 89-81. Terry Evans had 6-6 from 3 pt. land, and netted 24 pts.
#10 Michigan (5-1) won fierce intrastate rivalry vs. Central Michigan 100-51 (one pt. away from the newest score of the year), then went on to edge #12 Duke 113-108 in OT. Sure-shot Sean Higgins hit for 50 pts. combined, with a career-high 32 vs. Duke.
#11 Indiana (6-0) topped sinking Notre Dame 81-72, then went on to win their 32nd game in a row to take their own Indiana Classic.
#12 Duke (3-2) had a tough "it might have been" week, losing to #1 Syracuse 78-76, then to #10 Michigan 113-108 in OT. Soph. Christian Laettner scored 45 pts. in the two defeats.
#13 Louisville (6-1) vanquished Vanderbilt 101-75 and Western Kentucky 75-61. Everick Sullivan put in 20 pts. in each contest.
#14 UCLA (5-0) sent University of San Diego packing 83-74. Trevor Wilson led the Bruins with 25 pts.

#15 North Carolina St. (6-1) had some finals to take this week.

#16 Memphis St. (4-1) put down the Oregon St. Beavers 78-72.

#17 Georgia Tech (3-0) forgot to play.

#18 St. John's (5-2) beat legendary Hofstra 58-47 behind 15 pts. from Boo Harvey. There are a lot more good names in basketball than football.

#19 Alabama (5-1) erased Eastern Kentucky 71-52, after scoring 14 consecutive pts. in 1st half.

#20 Arizona (2-2) relieved to get away from Oregonian teams, crushed Northern Arizona 84-37. 5 players decided to score in double figures.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL BOWL GUIDE for HOLIDAY VIEWING

BOWL	DATETIME	NTWK	PAY

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Giants from previous page

arm around him. There is kind of an awkward moment there and finally he turns to her and she turns the mike towards herself and says, "Young people, I have lived with this for ten years and I've let my husband go on and on and never challenged him. But I think it's time that everybody knew how George achieves his 58-inch chest. He rats the hair out on his chest and sprays it with my hair spray." Literally, people did not stop laughing for 30 minutes. It would quiet down and then some girl would picture it in her mind and then everyone would start laughing again.

Have you ever directly competed with George?

The best story was when we were living at 570 E. on 500 N. in the fall of 1954. We were in my room, where the telephone was, and we got to talking about pushups. George said, "I can do more pushups than all three of you put together." We accepted the challenge. The three of us eked out something like 52 pushups. He was looking on and then when we finished he started inhaling heavily, flexing his muscles, loosening up and dancing around. Then he popped down on the floor and did 53 pushups faster than we could count. He jumped up and flexed again and waltzed out of the room. We were duly impressed. I woke up the next morning and I looked in the bathroom and he was in there shaving. He had the razor in against his sides and he was shaving with only the motion of his wrists. He couldn't lift his arms from his sides for three days.

Is there anything you can do better than George athletically, besides the giant swings?

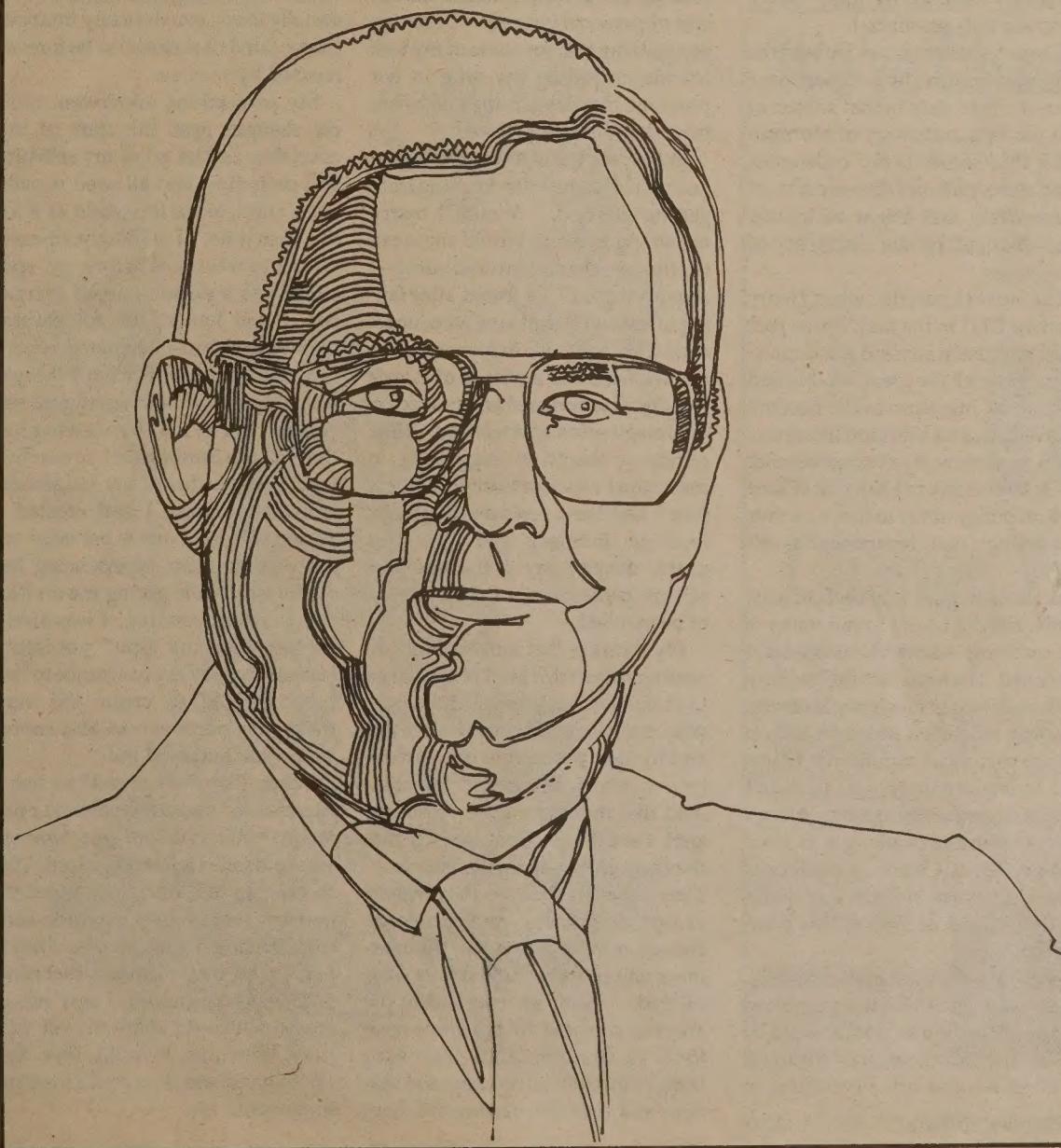
He has never done the giant swings. I can run longer and faster than he. He doesn't know how to do a handstand. He's a banana back. You see, he isn't as active as I am because he is built differently and never had to work for his fine physique.

Give one final, positive comment about each other.

GEORGE: I was pleased when I came here to the Y to learn that he was very excited about gymnastics. I think he does very well. I think he's terrific. Don's the only person I know who can still do giant swings at 55.

DON: George is always doing physical stunts: handstands, arm wrestling. He just has an incredible physique. I stand in awe of his manly specimen. The thing that is disgusting about it is that he doesn't have to do anything to keep in shape. He is also very handsome, although he is losing his hair.

Joe Cannon Comes Clean.



When you're true to your word, talk isn't so cheap. Even when you fudge a little now and then, you have to spend some money to buy public support. But we'll make millions before the EPA makes us close this stinking dump. We spent thousands of dollars to run this ad in local papers. We're grateful that the *Student Review* is running it as a public service.

Okay, we've been creative with some of our promises and claims. Can I help it if people here are gullible? They believed me when I said we weren't contributing to the pollution. Now I say we're voluntarily cleaning up our act. But then they bought the divine intervention story about the reopening of Geneva, so I suppose we'll get away with our capitalist ploy to rape the environment here in Utah Valley. It just goes to show that Joe Cannon meant what he said and said what he meant. An elephant may be faithful 100%, but unfortunately, we're not quite as benevolent as Horton.

OPINION

Provincial Anti-Provincialism

by Eugene England, Professor of English

WHEN ANNIE DILLARD visited campus last September, at one of her question and answer sessions I attended, some "idiot" asked her (since she had confessed in print to having used caffeine to enhance the writing process) if she did other drugs, and when she confessed smoking he asked why she did that. Some in the audience snickered at the first question and a number openly complained about the second.

Dave Jensen, in a fine report of Dillard's visit in *Student Review*, confessed he was the "idiot" who had asked the questions, and I felt again as I read his piece that he was hurt, perhaps intimidated, by that open condemnation of his Mormon provincialism by his peers. Mormon provincialism is sometimes a problem—when we naively or self-righteously push our religious or moral values on our guests or ask them rude and irrelevant questions. But a greater problem at BYU, I believe, is what I call provincial anti-provincialism: being so insecure or embarrassed or ignorant about our own religious and moral values or our historical and cultural achievements that we do not appropriately defend the faith and the saints nor ask challenging questions of our guests.

Dillard herself didn't seem to mind the questions Evans asked and answered them with her usual personal directness and candor (even confessing that she was ashamed of her smoking and trying to quit), but she did notice and wonder about the complaints. I can't help thinking that rather than being impressed that those who snickered were trying to protect her from their provincial fellow student, she might have found them rather insecure in their own values, rather provincially anti-provincial.

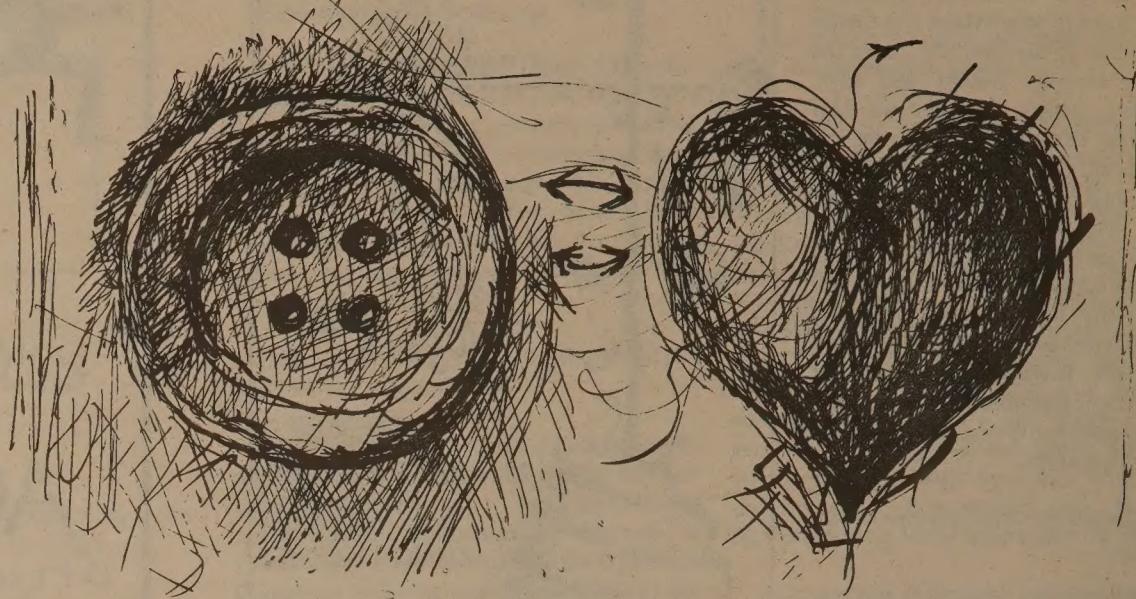
I first ran into this kind of provincial anti-provincialism when I joined the faculty in 1977. I was hired to teach Mormon literature, by a department chairman, Richard Cracraft, who had begun the first class in that subject at BYU a few years before and had co-edited the first anthology of Mormon literature, *A Believing People*. But I found that some of my colleagues considered the very subject of Mormon literature provincial, unworthy of serious academic attention and worse, something that might be looked down upon by their peers at other schools—particularly the University of Utah!

I was amazed and amused. I was amazed because I knew that when Henry Nash Smith, the eminent Twain scholar, visited BYU in the mid '70s as part of a graduate program accreditation, he had expressly advised the department not to use all its resources trying to compete with the great, established universities in areas like Renaissance or Romantic literature but to become first-rate in what was our natural strength, western and Mormon literature. I was *amused* because I had recently been told, in sorrow, by a former teacher who was then Academic Vice-president at the University of Utah that at least one department there had an unstated but firm policy never to hire an active Mormon to a full-time position! And sure enough that department hasn't hired any active Mormon since.

Actually that brand of provincial anti-Mormonism goes way back, at least to the '50s. When I was a student at the University of Utah I found many of my professors and most of the graduate teaching assistants subtly (and sometimes openly) disdainful of what they called "the local culture," willing even to belittle sincere expressions of faith and moral ideals on Mormon student essays, capable of publicly questioning whether a Mormon bishop could legitimately remain on the faculty, since such clear commitment must make him unsuitably open-minded to be a university professor. (It didn't seem to occur to anyone that professors ought to *profess* something—except maybe radical political ideas or intentionally offensive challenges to what they thought of as their students' Mormon prudery.) Clearly, a number of non-Mormons and former Mormons at the University of Utah saw themselves then and see themselves now as a little island of light in this great spiritual and cultural darkness of Mormon country.

So, as I say, I wasn't too surprised, though deeply offended professionally, to learn that a modern university department, well aware that it is supported mainly by Mormon dollars and teaches mainly Mormon students, could be so provincially anti-provincial as to refuse to hire Mormons and to remain steadily prejudiced against Mormon intellectual and artistic culture in

please see Provincialism on next page



The Miracle of Faith, The Miracle of Love: Some Personal Reflections

by Bruce Young, Professor of English

I OFFER HERE SOME reflections on the difficulties I've had accepting love and exercising faith. These two difficulties are, I believe, closely related.

Getting married was, for me, a miracle, and the marriage itself continues to be miraculous. For my wife, the marriage has been (so she and her parents tell me) a process of healing and restoration; for me, a process of revelation about myself and of personal change. I say this recognizing that for some of my best friends, including my wife in her previous marriage, things have not turned out happily or well.

In fact, for years it was the fear of just such disasters that kept me from getting married. Would I marry the wrong person? Would she eventually—perhaps immediately—stop loving me? I found after falling in love with someone who, unaccountably, was also in love with me, that the fears and anxieties of at least two decades surfaced and played on my imagination and feelings with a terrifying intensity, suggesting to me, when I was able to think about it, that I had been resisting marriage, resisting intimacy and love, for years, despite my conscious and sincere protestations that I wanted to be married.

My thesis is that most people are putting up just this kind of resistance to their own happiness, to the possible transformation of their lives, and to their perception of the realities on which the gospel is based. And like me, most have somehow kept themselves from seeing that they are putting up this resistance.

They honestly believe they would accept happiness and personal change and evidence for the existence and power of God if they were offered. And so they take the absence of these things from their lives as an indication that such things probably do not exist and that hope and faith directed toward them

are futile and illusory.

My resistance to marriage consisted largely in my choosing to see things in such a way as to make marriage impossible. First of all, no mortal woman could possibly have convinced me she was the "right one." There was always one thing or another I felt was not ideal or that I feared I couldn't handle. Even more serious was my perception of myself: Bruce Young, lonely, awkward, socially inept, romantically unappealing, fated (it seemed) to be forever rejected by women.

My perceptions underwent radical changes near the start of my courtship as I let go of my self-pity and prejudices and allowed myself, like a child, to see the world as if for the first time. I willingly opened myself to what was before me, specifically to a person named Margaret. I had known her for several months and had interpreted what I saw and heard with what I *thought* was a desire to understand and see clearly. But in fact, by viewing her through the complicated, overactive mental apparatus of my judgments and assumptions, I had created a dense, tangled barrier between us, keeping me from experiencing her as she was while giving me an illusion of understanding. I was afraid she was "not my type," yet later I learned that, by my resistance to her, I had helped to create the very traits—the nervousness and confusion—that bothered me.

When I opened myself to her, I experienced something akin to revelation: this person, this woman, was someone I felt I recognized. I felt so close to her, once I dropped the barriers, that I found it hard to keep from feeling I had always known her. In the great calmness that came with this recognition, I saw her as someone I could share myself with fully, someone I could love and understand and who could love and understand me.

This rather shocking experience of finding myself in love with someone I had deeply misunderstood led me to some general insights about faith and love. One is that we create most of our own burdens—worries, fears, anxieties, self-torment, self-pity, self-hatred. These, along with our preconceptions, our entrenched notions about how things are and how they must be, set up barriers between us and the world outside ourselves and keep us from seeing the world as it is. These barriers keep us from experiencing the greatest of realities: other persons, including both the mortals around us and others we are separated from by what I am learning is sometimes a very thin veil. With these barriers we also keep out—we sometimes seem to be doing our best to keep out—the love that many of these other persons are willing to offer us.

Yielding to either human or divine love can be a painful process requiring us to take responsibility for the confusion, fears, and resentment we feel and give them up—a hard thing for all of us who want to cling to everything we have created. Even after yielding in some measure to my future wife's love and opening my eyes to who she was, I found it difficult to trust in the goodness and reality of what I saw. I wanted to know "for sure," and so I succumbed to my habit of thinking things out in intricate, endless detail in the desperate hope that by thinking things out I would finally arrive at absolute certainty.

But I soon found "thinking things out" to be utterly inadequate to the task at hand. It was also, I saw, a means of delaying the inevitable final step of choice. What I needed to *know* in order to choose was not a set of concepts or a fail-safe system of evaluation. Rather, I needed to ac-

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knowledge what I was already coming to know: another person and the reality of the life we were beginning to share. What I needed, I saw, was something akin to the knowledge of God's voice described by Alma when he says we must open our hearts to the planting of a seed and let that seed grow until we begin to experience its goodness and reality (Alma 32:27-28).

Still, even as I was learning to trust what I saw and felt, I had the haunting fear that I might not be choosing the "right" thing. What if someone else, even closer to the ideal than this woman I knew and loved, existed somewhere? What if I was somehow wrong about this woman I thought I knew? Though I could see that what I wanted was good, I feared that somehow I would make the wrong choice and so prove unacceptable to God, who would leave me (I feared) forever existentially abandoned.

I was like the fearful servant who hid his talent because he knew his Lord was a hard master. I was like the Saints of Joseph Smith's time who wanted to be told the exact route they should travel for fear of making a wrong choice if they trusted their own judgment. Indeed, as I read the familiar scripture where the Lord tells these Saints to do "as they shall counsel between themselves and me," it came to me like a revelation how similar my situation was to theirs. I too needed to dare to do things of my "own free will." The promises made to them applied also to me:

For the power is in them, wherein they are agents unto themselves. And inasmuch as men do good they shall in nowise lose their reward. (Doctrine and Covenants 58:25, 27-28)

Reading these words, I felt assured, despite my fear and uncertainty, that as long as I did good—and I knew that this thing, this possible marriage, was good—I would "in no wise lose [my] reward." I also saw the horror of failing to choose anything, failing to do anything, failing to exercise the power in me to do and create good.

Now that I have been married for several years, I still struggle at times with my ingrained strategies of resistance. Before marriage, sharing my life with another person—a woman, a wife—seemed inconceivably fearful. It has turned out to be far easier than I had imagined and has brought feelings of happiness and belonging and completeness greater than any I had had before. But marriage has also included moments of such agonizing straining of the heartstrings, such humiliation and exposure, that I'm not sure I would have wanted to choose marriage if I had known it would bring such moments. Yet I have come to see that the worst of these moments have been of my own creation.

Why I should choose to create the very thing I think I want to avoid is hard to understand. But whatever

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general. This would be analogous to a public university in a largely Jewish area, with mostly Jewish students, refusing to hire a Jew or teach Jewish literature or the University of Mississippi today continuing to refuse to hire black teachers or have a course in black culture—and any place else it would be roundly condemned and probably would be stopped by legal action.

What I am surprised about is that some of these same attitudes have developed and persist right here at BYU. Some faculty members continue to belittle Mormon literature, though it has been growing almost exponentially in quantity and quality in the past 15 years and Mormon writers are beginning to win national and international honors. Even graduate students, who pride themselves on being avant garde, right on the very cutting edge, and can quote Derrida and Kristeva by the page, still think, disdainfully, that Mormon literature is nothing more than Mormon versions of harlequin romances and smarmy poetry.

And I am surprised—and disappointed—that most of us BYU students and faculty continue to be embarrassed to defend vigorously our own faith and values and unwilling to challenge the ideas and values of visitors to campus. When Terry Eagleton, the noted Marxist literary critic, gave the General Education faculty seminar last summer, we were profoundly respectful as he read to us for a week from the book he was working on. The brilliantly avoided answering the few directly challenging questions, and collected a handsome honorarium for repeat-

edly dismissing American culture as interested only in "turning a fast buck."

Actually, his insights into his main subject, the meanings and implications of "ideology," were intelligent and properly challenging to us. But if, as it seemed, we who attended were trying to impress him with our polite and knowing acquiescence, I think we failed. We came off as too uncertain or embarrassed about our own ideas and values—to provincially anti-provincial—to provide him any serious challenges.

And I do mean *we*. I was as guilty as anyone, and I am ashamed about it. I took two opportunities to challenge Eagleton, but I didn't press them home in public as I should have. I asked a fairly challenging question at one session that he successfully evaded, and I let myself be intimidated back into silence. But, more seriously, after noticing that he slipped out to the front of the Maeser Building after each lecture to smoke a cigarette, I challenged him about the moral and economic implications of his habit in private but didn't

follow through in public.

I pointed out to Eagleton in conversation at lunch that smoking now kills about 500,000 people a year in the U.S. alone, and that American tobacco companies, rather than decreasing production of high-nicotine cigarettes because of U.S. legislation against their use here, are simply dumping them abroad where there are no restrictions—a form of economic exploitation and cynical death-dealing that any Marxist ought to condemn rather than support with his own self-indulgence. He laughed off my challenge with a witty remark about how leftists were naturally given to drugs because they were so depressed all the time—and I didn't press the matter.

I should have, and so, I think, should all of us, both with visitors on campus and where appropriate in our writing and our speaking at scholarly conventions, etc. It strikes me as an amazing evidence of moral duplicity, for instance, that feminist critics can speak with eloquent and self-righteous disgust about the

harm that traditional marriage or family structure does to women—while smoking a cigarette or drinking alcohol, thus lending support to substances that have done enormous harm to women and which are being cynically exploited (sometimes, as in Benson and Hedges ads, in the very name of feminism!) by conspiring men in these latter days. It is even more amazing when Mormon literary critics—or students, compelled by politeness or embarrassment, by provincial anti-provincialism—allow such moral duplicity, even on our own campus, to go unchallenged.

Provincialism is one of the main intellectual and moral deficiencies, and universities are properly engaged, as a main concern, in attacking and reducing it. But no one ever truly understands other provinces until they understand their own or become a citizen of the world until they become a genuine citizen of their own village. All art and education continually confirm that the only way to the universal is through the particular. Provincial anti-provincialism is a chief enemy of both.

BY GARRY TRUDEAU

Doonesbury



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the reasons, I've struggled far more often with fear-fulfillment than with wish-fulfillment. Bright fantasies, no matter how luminous, have never proved satisfying for long. But I have always seemed able to make my life miserable and then say to myself, "At least *this* is real." For some reason we find it easier to create the misery or failure we fear and be done with it than to wait in awful suspense until what we fear comes of its own volition.

An example from my marriage: Both my wife and I have been haunted by the fear that we would wake up one morning to discover that our spouse never really loved us after all. Prompted by this fear, I have sometimes interpreted my wife's moods—her frustration with herself, her physical discomfort, even her preoccupation with other matters—as disapproval of me. Weakened and disturbed by this "rejection," by the feeling that my inadequacy and unworthiness have been exposed, I have responded with self-pity (which my wife particularly dislikes) or with irritation

and gloominess (which usually draw from her responses in kind). And so I create, through my perceived failure, additional evidence for such failure.

Again and again I have overreacted to any sign of disapproval because something in me fears that the great depth and solidity of love my wife has offered me must be an illusion. How could anything so good have come into my life? Sometimes I even provoke conflict without any excuse at all, simply because I want confirmation for my fears.

I have some guesses as to why I and others sometimes choose misery in this way and why we have such difficulty in accepting love. First, we feel unworthy and inadequate. This feeling is self-perpetuating, for it is impossible for us to become good or happy unless we believe we can. A second reason is that love hurts; happiness hurts. The experiences of love and joy—intense, soul-transforming, uncomfortable—require some letting go and giving up, and so we are afraid of them. They expose us to highs and lows too strong, we fear, for us to bear.

A third reason is that there is something attractive, and apparently safe and easy, about being totally self-sufficient and self-contained. If our world is self-created and self-contained, nothing seems beyond our understanding or control. Hence, many of us relate, not to other people, but to our mental images of other people. This tendency may also explain why so many have preferred theories about the world to the world itself—have preferred, that is, to develop philosophical systems rather than to step out into the real world, vast and beautiful and terrifying as it is, with all that they do not understand about it, and grow step by step in their understanding. I believe this is also one reason many have preferred to worship a conceptual God—a God in their minds—rather than the true and living God whose voice, though it pierces to the very center, comes from outside themselves.

A fourth reason for our resistance to love and happiness (and to God and his revelations) is that to open ourselves to these things requires effort and commitment on our part. If I accept love from another person, I know that I cannot willingly be loved without loving in return. And in anticipation, the commitment to love may seem uncomfortably binding and burdensome, a suffocating or paralyzing weight, rather than the source of energy and hope it can be when accepted freely.

A final reason for our lack of faith is that we are afraid our hopes will be disappointed. We don't want to be fooled, and so we create a life or a way of viewing life that is "fool-proof"—so limited, so empty of vision, that there is nothing to be disillusioned about. Sometimes we even choose to offend those who could be our friends, or to demonstrate our incompetence or irresponsibility, or to imagine a life of intractable pressures, conflicts, and miseries, because we would rather lose everything we can and choose the worst we can imagine than hope for anything and have our hopes disappointed.

Our resistance to God's love resembles closely our resistance to the love of a spouse or of other mortals, both in the fears that motivate us and in the antagonism that too often results. In both marriage and religious experience, the antagonism usually springs from fears and dark fantasies which, as they lead to resentment and hostility, create the very evidence they claim to be based on.

Having experienced such self-created conflict, I am struck by how

closely critics of the Church resemble people upset with their marriage partners. There is, for both the critics and the dissatisfied spouses, the same combination of inexorable logic and essential blindness. Everything they see seems obvious to them, and indeed there is usually some evidence that can bear the interpretation they give. But anesthetized to their own faults, hypersensitive to the imperfections of others, they do not see the real and potential splendor in the one (or the many) with whom they are yoked.

The dark things they see are too

often the products of their own hearts.

And the evidence of a

spouse's willingness to love and give, like the abundant evidence of God's love and active presence in his Church, is easily ignored or forgotten.

Those in and out of the Church

tormented with doubt and feelings

of inadequacy remind me now of

myself as a sometimes doubting

marriage partner, finding it hard to

believe I am loved as I am, hungry

for assurance, but unsatisfied with

any assurance I could be given.

All of us, I suppose, are susceptible to doubts and antagonism of this kind. By our fears and our insistent disbelief we set up barriers through which no knowledge can enter, and we blind ourselves at times to those fragments of knowledge we have received, even when we knew, with all our faculties of heart and mind, that what we were experiencing was real when we received it. But if we are willing to receive and remember, we may find abundant evidence to sustain our faith, not only in a husband or wife, but in the reality and love of God.

Most people are at once attracted to and suspicious of happy endings. I certainly wanted and hoped for a happy marriage, yet it seemed to me only an imaginary ideal. It did not fit into my mental category of "the real." I feel much the same way about the celestial world. It sounds beautiful, like some country of the imagination, though solidly and tangibly real as described by witnesses worthy (I believe) of trust. But its very beauty makes it difficult for me to think of it as really existing. I expect to be somewhat shocked when I enter that world—if the desires of my heart are fulfilled and I am found worthy to do so—shocked, at least mildly, to find it to be real after all: tangible, visible, surrounding me, I a part of it.

That is something like what I feel when I arrive in a foreign country, leave the plane, and find that this strange, unimaginable place is at last

real and before me. That is also how I felt about marriage. Something I had dreamed about and wanted came with a strange suddenness into being. The very toughness of its reality has made marriage harder and more challenging, not than I had feared, but (with my innate love of ease) than I thought I might have liked. Yet here I am, living it, enjoying it, even now.

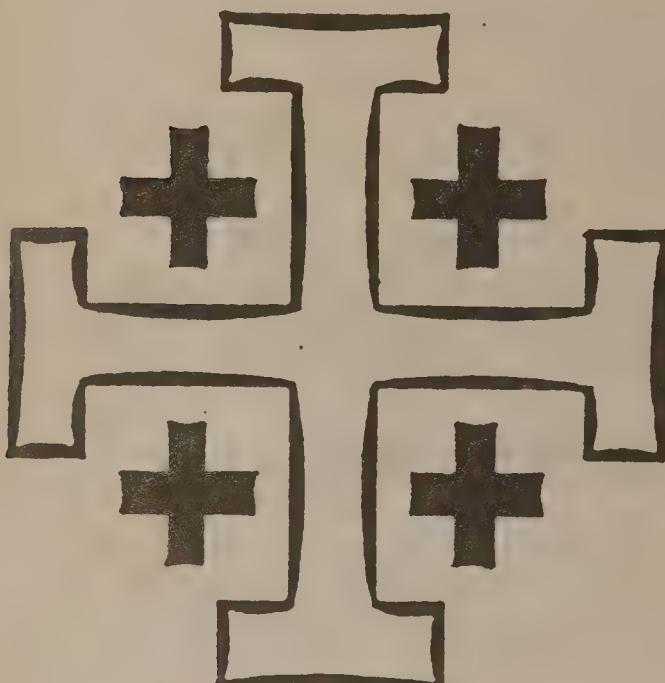
But perhaps I have made faith sound too easy. I have failed to mention that one reason we find it hard to believe in good things either on a personal or on a cosmic scale is that sometimes the good things we want don't happen. And sometimes we experience the bad things we fear. Yet God and his Son, whose suffering was beyond all human measure, have assured us that our trials can have purpose and positive outcomes if we remain faithful through them. I have experienced the reality of that divine voice, and, despite the limits of my understanding, the wisest choice in every way I can make is to put my trust in the assurance that voice gives.

Fortunately, marriage has given me new insight into both the difficult and the glorious aspects of my personal growth and of life in the Church. Marriage daily reminds me that faith is the power to see, to choose, to act, and to enjoy, and that it requires an abandonment of narrow certainties, preconceptions, defenses, and fears. I am also reminded of the need for work—a necessary partner of faith in marriage as well as in our spiritual lives, for in both, it is "the willing and obedient" who will "eat the good of the land of Zion" (Doctrine and Covenants 64:34).

I continue to see, as I experience married life, how easy it is—through laziness or fear—to resist whatever my own mind does not make, whatever is offered from the outside, to resist happiness, to reject the feast of joy laid before me by insisting that my dark fantasies are real or by failing to act, as I must, to help turn my brighter beliefs into realities. I have seen, in my own life and that of others, how substantial that feast of joy can be when it is willingly accepted.

Faith has thus come to take the key role I might have expected it should. Without it—without this willingness to accept and power to give and create—love is not possible, happiness is not possible, none of the things I have wanted can become truly real for me. With it, nothing is impossible. There can enter into my life, through the process of time, even things my eyes have not seen nor my heart conceived, things I have hardly dared to imagine.

BY GARRY TRUDEAU



Reflections at Christmas

by Dr. John J. Murphy, Professor of English

THE COMING OF Christ is dramatized by lengthening days developing into the planting season and then, to paraphrase Walt Whitman, the grain of the yellow-spearred wheat bursting its shroud in the dark brown fields.

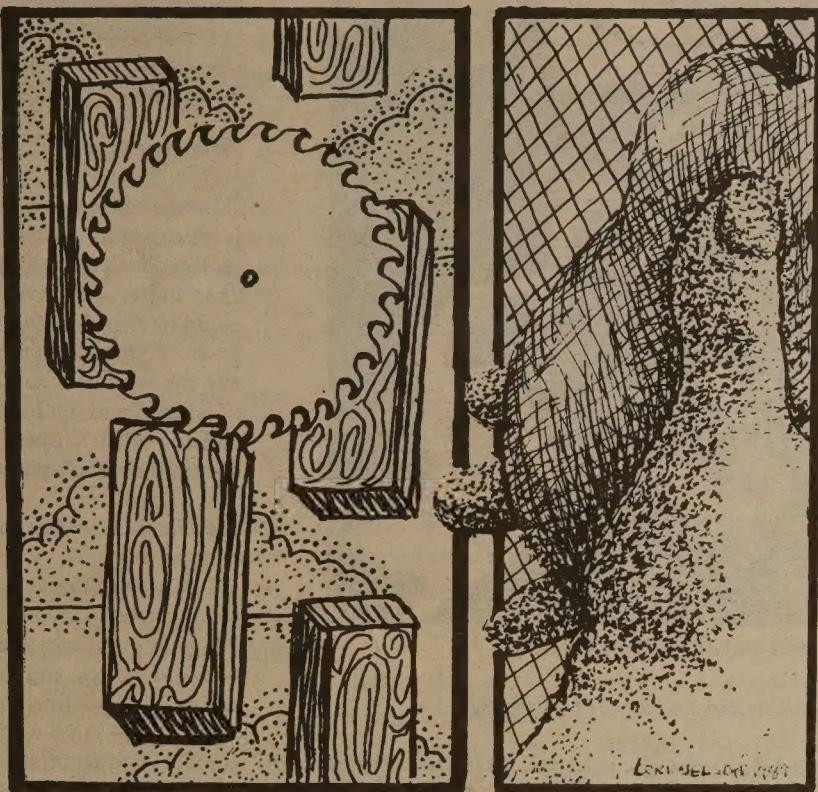
The coming of Christ seems disarmingly peaceful, considering its transfiguring impact. Emily Dickinson speculates on God's fond ambush piercing our humanity in death's glaze, and on the electrical shock the divine essence generates in the human. The life-giving of Christ becomes the dying out of human deprivation, and the collision with divinity unsettles our human world. Christ seems to favor the prostitute over the pharisee, to oppose institutionalism, to overturn, to (in Mary's words to Elizabeth) pull down princes from their thrones and exalt the lowly, to replace the temple of stone with the temple of his resurrected body.

The legend of the Magi is also disturbing, for the journey to Christ leads to the unlikeliest places. He is found in strangers, in the hungry, the naked, the imprisoned, the very places shunned by the self-appointed elect. His hiding from us challenges vision, for the temple might be in the leper or the AIDS victim. Mother Teresa is said to test her postulants according to their ability to detect Christ's body in the suffering diseased bodies they serve. T.S. Eliot's magi meet Calvary in Bethlehem, death in birth.

God, claims Paul, shows no partiality and challenges everyone to share his suffering and death and join the feast of his body, our manna. Through him and in each other, we anticipate at Christmas the grain of yellow-spearred wheat bursting its shroud in the dark brown fields—and we grapple with unworthiness.



ARTS & LEISURE



Tübingen Spaziergänge

by Scott Abbott, Germanic and Slavic Languages

I.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, OVERCAST, late spring. The odor of fermenting leaf mold. Snails leave faint traces of themselves on the wet path.

The map I bought yesterday at the airport shows an overlook at the end of this hill. A 360-degree overview of Swabia.

Occasionally a jogger or a small family passes me. Hegel, Holderlin, and Schelling walked this path together as students.

In Nashville it is 7:00 a.m. The children are awake, probably searching for cartoons on the TV but finding only southern preachers and gospel choruses.

As I stride rhythmically through the forest I recite nature poetry — Klopstock, Goethe, Hölderlin, Schiller—elegiac distichs: "Sei mir gegrüßt mein Berg mit dem rötlich strahlenden Gipfel, / Sei mir Sonne gegrüßt, die ihn so lieblich bescheint." I laugh at my eighteenth-century enthusiasm. The pollution-damaged trees around me are planted in rows.

The path turns downward, the trees thin, and through gathering fog I can see the Wurmlinger Kapelle, a narrow chapel balanced on top of a little peak. By the time I have climbed down and up again there is only fog.

I rest on a bench in a small graveyard, glad that the cloudy weather keeps other Sunday walkers from making the pilgrimage. Out of my little pack I take two rye rolls and some cheese. I eat slowly, staring into the fog. A shiny green and black beetle crawls through the grass near my feet.

When I finish I shake the crumbs out of my pack and start back down the trail. Under the trees it is almost dark. I pick up a pine-cone and click one of its bracts to the tempo of my steps. In two hours I shall be back in my room.

II.

I turn the key in the lock and lay back on the bed. It is dark when I wake up. Two voices are speaking Swabian in the hall. I need to use the toilet but don't want to talk with anyone. For three more hours I lie on the bed reading Kosinski's *Pinball*. Finally, like a thief, I turn the key, wincing when the bolt springs open. In front of the door opposite mine stands an empty pair of high-topped tennis shoes. Light shines from under two of the doors down the hall. In the WC the toilet flushes noisily, further announcing my presence. With haste I retreat to my room.

III.

Thursday morning, 8:05. A ten-minute walk from my room to the Brechtbau.

A little windy. Cloudy, but the sun is beginning to shine through haze. Still warm from yesterday's record heat.

I have a pear in my hand and as I walk I feel its contours, its weight, its textures. The sensuous pleasure makes me laugh. And think of my wife.

Down the street a traffic light changes and a line of cars roars toward me. As a Mercedes sports car accelerates to the head of the line (the sheer, phallic power of capital) I itch to throw the heavy pear through its windshield.

Across the street from a little Turkish grocery store ("Türkische Spezialitäten") stands a barefoot black-haired girl of nine or ten. She leans her scarf-covered head against a post and stares at the store.

Against the concrete retaining wall to the left a shiny black beetle lies on its back, six legs stiffly folded to-

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Images, Spaces, and Symbols in Lithography —An interview with Wayne Kimball

WAYNE KIMBALL is a member of BYU's art faculty, and he is one of the most renowned lithographers in the American west. He completed graduate work at the University of Arizona at Tucson. In 1970 he received a grant from the Ford Foundation to work at the Tamerin Institute, which was founded to revive lithography as a fine art medium. Thereafter he worked as artist-in-residence at Rothwell Museum and Art Center, and then at several universities for one- and two-year appointments. In 1978 he was hired at Arizona State, and he taught there for six years before coming to BYU.

SR: Were you always interested in printmaking?

As an undergraduate when I decided to be an art major, I had to select an emphasis: drawing, painting, sculpture, printmaking. At that point I had no perception of what any of those disciplines was really like. I wanted to take a general curriculum, and the only way I could do that was take an art education degree, so I could balance all of those things. By the time I finished my bachelors degree, I probably favored painting watercolors more than anything, although I had done a lot of prints. When I went to graduate school, I realized I wanted to use print media, and I also felt I needed a lot of work on my drawing. I emphasized printmaking in graduate school, because it is reliant on drawing in a very direct way. The two people who taught print at Arizona were both intaglio printmakers—etchers. As I got into that I quickly realized that I just didn't identify with that process. I never did finish an etching, and I kept finding myself over in the corner of the studio where they had a litho press.

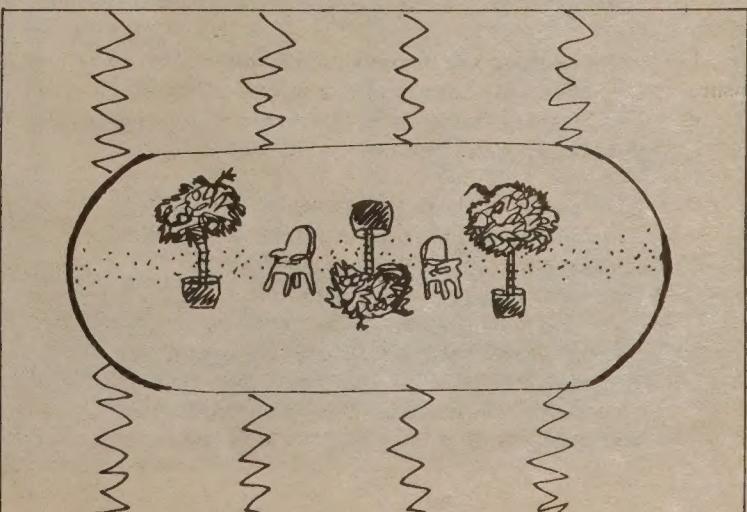
What exactly is lithography?

Lithography is a process which involves printing from the surface of the printing element. In many cases a piece of limestone is used as the printing element, although aluminum or zinc plates can be used. You draw the image on the stone by using a greasy crayon or drawing fluid. By treating the image with different dilutions of chemicals, you chemically lock the image onto the surface of the stone. The image, which was drawn with grease, has a grease affinity, and the non-image areas have a water affinity. You roll a greasy printing ink onto the surface of the stone, and ink collects on the greasy image areas, but is repelled by the water film on the non-image areas. Once the image is inked up, you place a paper on it, and run it through a press to transfer the ink from the stone to the paper.

Is that difficult with all the detail in your work?

Well, the process is really quite sympathetic to detail, because, for one thing, you print on dry rather than damp paper, so the paper itself has dimensional stability. It doesn't stretch and warp to cause things to go out of register. And the imagery can be drawn very precisely with these materials. A grease pencil sounds like a cumbersome instrument, but you can sharpen it to a fine point to develop very intricate, delicate tones, and very precise marks. And then for color registration there are different techniques to allow for drawing different components of the image on different stones, and aligning the paper in precisely the same position regarding the image on each of the stones. So that even though you have to have a different stone for each color you print, you can print them in

please see Kimball
on next page



Poetry by Sally Taylor

Eve's Dream

"Beasts, too, were friendly. They could find no flaw
In all of Eden: this was the first omen.
The second was the dream which woke the woman.
She dreamed she saw the lion sharpen his claw."

from "Sonnet" by Donald Justice

It's LION, said Adam
And gently stroked the mane—
He smiled as he touched them
In giving each a name.

Eve saw the giant paws,
The barely hidden teeth,
The sharp, retracted claws—
And that night had a dream

Of the world in disarray.
She felt the tiger's breath
And heard the serpent say
That they would *not* see death.

She woke and thought of lives
She'd never know, of light
She'd never see, of time's
Journey through day to night.

When the lion clawed the tree,
She wondered about the fall
Of death. And how could she
Multiply? Was Eden all

The world? What's sin or pain?
Eve ate the red-fleshed fruit
And passed along the stain—
Then understood the truth.

Israel in the Heat

"But I will send fire upon Judah, and it shall devour the palaces of Jerusalem. Thus saith the Lord; for three transgressions of Israel, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof; because they sold the righteous for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes."

Amos 2:5-6

Masada bakes in the afternoon tour.
She goes back into the shop for a drink
And stands loosely in the shade waiting for
Photo-snapping laggards to come. "I think

They are deliberately making us late,"
She grumbles, rolling her eyes at the guide.
When they all come, he tells about the fate
Of the people of Masada who died—

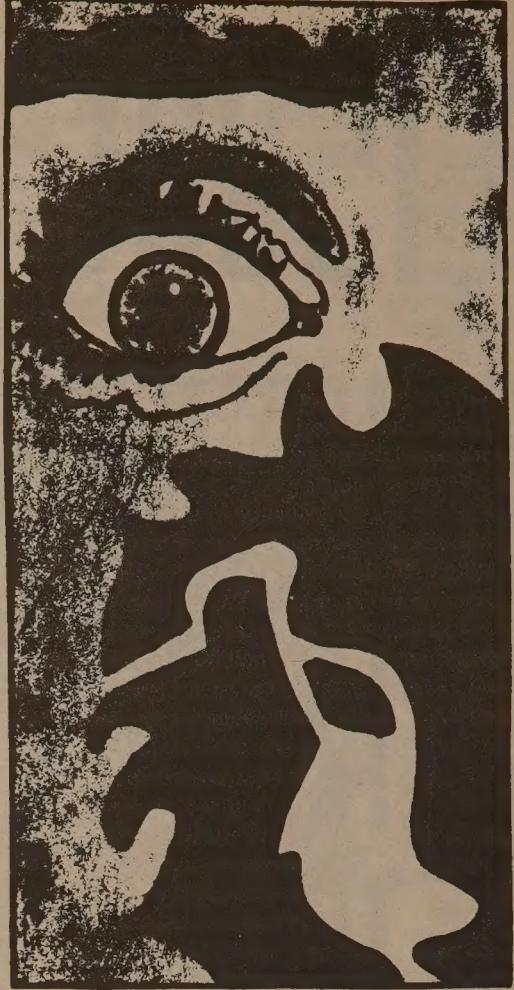
Suicides—because they wouldn't give up
Their freedom to the Roman forces. "Well,
I think that people like those Jews are just
Silly. They should just give up. You can tell

Why Israel always has war after war.
One of these days—KAPOW! They'll be erased.
They should stick to farming. Why, they sure are
Making this goshawfully desolate place

Into something half decent with this tree—
Drip irrigation. Course not in a spot
Like Masada. This is just dry history.
But I was so glad when the bus did not

Even stop at that Jacob's Well because
Everyone was just too tired to get out
For one more ruin. Talk about the blahs!
Don't try to see Israel without about

Six months and a shovel." The silver bought
The Field of Blood to bury strangers, then
They became the strangers, hated and fought.
Strangeness walked them barefoot to the ovens.



Kimball continued from page 13

succession and line them up correctly.

I remember a display of your work in the HFAC last spring with a 22-step process for one print. Is this a typical number of steps?

I guess that is kind of extreme, although I've done several prints where I've used between 15 and 20 different color runs. Probably more often than not I'm printing images that require seven or eight runs. It doesn't make a lot of difference to me whether there are 8 or 10 or 25. One will take a little longer than another. I'm willing to do both.

SR: Why is there such a focus on ancient, especially Roman sculpture in your work?

I'm not quite sure that's accurate, but there is a lot of Roman stuff. There is some Baroque, and some Renaissance, and some Greek and some Egyptian things I can think of right offhand, as well as some 20th century American forms that I've utilized. The subjects that I've selected, for the most part, have had certain kinds of appeal to me, usually because they look to me like they have some potential as symbols. In my work I use illusionary images which look like they're placed for the sake of symbolic content. I'm setting up a premise whereby whoever happens to look at the picture might get involved in constructing a scheme of their own for interpreting it.

SR: What is the meaning of some of the recurring images you use, such as the little embossed chair in the corner of your prints and the corner chair?

The little embossed chair is called a printer's chop, and it is an embossing seal that denotes that I was the printer. That same embossing seal appears on a lot of the prints I've

Doonesbury



BY GARRY TRUDEAU

done for different artists. It is a chair because I was involved with that imagery when I was at Tamerin, and we were invited to make our own chops. They always had the printer's chops on the prints that came through there.

I use corner chairs and other specific elements because certain images appeal to me. They have a certain kind of inner strength that I can use over and over again in different settings. I construct different meanings and different relationships of meanings from them. For instance, the tree in an interior has a certain kind of humorous context because it doesn't normally grow in an interior. It's kind of a strange idea that something that is oriented toward an exterior space could appear in an interior space. A lot of my selections of forms have to do with an odd association. I don't know if they're really funny or not; they just strike me as slightly humorous and that's enough for me.

What inspires you?

I have a tendency to look at objects rather singularly, and I like to see how potent, rather singular objects play off each other. If there's a 17th century folk art weather vane of an Indian, I set it off against an early Spanish colonial cupid or cherub. It's a bizarre difference in cultures that produced those two things, one being very sophisticated, and the other very naive. They both have common points of winged and feathered images, so I put them together and see what happens. Your mind has to reconcile extremes that aren't normally imposed on each other.

How do you title your prints?

I want my titles to be partially descriptive, but I want them also to be involved in the process of viewing the art. We go to a museum and feel the obligation to look and see who did a piece, and the title, and inscriptions, and try to assimilate those into the picture. I like the idea that words function the same way that visual elements do. You can tumble them around in your brain and ponder them. They take on certain flavors and feelings and textures and rhythms, the same way visual elements do.

I also am fascinated by the idea that there are different meanings for different words. You can put them in a certain context and they mean one thing, and in another context they mean a different thing. In Islamic and Renaissance art, which are two of my favorite cultures in art history, the pictures produced were replete with inscriptions. The calligrapher in Islamic art was every bit as important as the painter himself. There were visual and informational components to the inscription. When I look at a Persian miniature or an Indian miniature, it doesn't particularly matter to me that I can't read it, but it does matter to me that they have that inscription.

One of my favorite paintings from the Northern Renaissance has an inscription that literally translated reads, "Johannes Van Eich was here," indicating that he was a witness of the wedding of Giovanni Arnolfi, who is portrayed in that picture. That phrase serves as a beautiful description for the function of a witness, but it also connects to our ears with the phrase, "Kilroy was here." It's something like very elegant graffiti, but I like those kinds of chance associations that no single person has power over. I try to be alert to those tangential meanings of things, and I put them together to see if other people make other tangents from my work.

In what local galleries can we see your work?

I have a lot of work at the Courtyard Gallery in Salt Lake, which is one of the Phillips' three galleries, on Pierpont Avenue between West Temple and Second West.

Spaziergänge from page 13

gether.

A gentle draft of cool air blows from the darkness of an underground parking lot.

On a bus stop bench a lump of a woman smokes a cigarette. The skin of her calves and her face are sickly white. Her eyes and hair are lifeless. Only the cigarette burns.

A pale grey, finely curved pigeon feather.

Near the clinic a neatly dressed woman with a thick black patch over her left ear.

Four clocks keep time on top of a square column. Lit from inside, the plexiglass sides of the column advertise mineral water: "Christophsquelle, Das Heilwasser." The green bottle with drops of fresh water glistening on its surface promises nothing less than eternal youth, forgiveness of sins, and extraordinary sensuous enjoyment.

I am beginning to sweat with the slight exertion of walking. The pear no longer produces tactile pleasure in my hand, although I try to relive the experience. I think of my wife again.

Three Turks and their German foreman repainting the brick of the Palaeontological Institut.

Inside the library of the Brechtbau an orange and beige moth batters itself against windows it cannot see.

I find my seat, take out Kotzebue's play *Der Freimaurer*, and begin to work.

IV.

Monday. All day in the library (Goethe and Gutzkow) and now I need exercise. The sun is still shining — I decide to eat supper on the Steinenberg. I put cheese, sausage, bread, apples, and Hartling's *Hölderlin* in a bag and start up the hill. Within minutes I enter a cool green tunnel of trees. At the top of the hill, clustered together along a road, lie dozens of little garden estates surrounded by iron and barbed-wire fences. Signs warn of vicious dogs. I sit on a bench and eat my little feast while reading the first pages of *Hölderlin*. A couple strolls past, hand in hand.

I pack my things and step off the road onto what seems an unused strip of land bordering on a garden. The grass is high and full of flowers. A little trail of bent grass leads to a place overlooking orange-tiled houses and green and brown and yellow fields in the Ammer valley. The garden next to me is a model of industry. Tall poles stand ready to bear the weight of beans already inching up them. Rows of strawberries. Dark green rhubarb. Fruit trees. Two stacks of white beehives.

I stand near a square of flattened grass — perhaps left by the small blanket of a pair of lovers. Off in the distance I see the Wurmlinger Chapel on top of its little peak.

Doonesbury



Behind me a stone sounds on metal. I hear it again. Was the sound in front or behind me? Behind me the stone again grates ominously. It sounds like a whetstone on the blade of a scythe. Someone has come to mow the grass I (and a young couple) have trampled. Up the path I go, reluctantly, fearfully, and find an old, crooked man with a gleaming scythe. Bent low, he rips into the grass with long strokes.

He is surprised to see me in his garden. In broad Swabian dialect he says something I don't quite understand.

"I'm sorry to be in your garden," I say. Can he tell how embarrassed I am? I wish I were in my room. Trespasser. Stranger. Foreigner. Alien.

He mutters and swings his razor-sharp blade again.

I wander down the road and see a chartreuse lizard with a dark grey tail. On a fence, in the light of the setting sun, I read about Holderlin — aloud, trying to match the soft Swabian s's of his childhood. A jogger passes and a girl with a dog. The forest behind me grows dark and I leave the Steinenberg to sit in the window of my room where I rage at private property and think about death.

V.

Against an evening sky swallows dip and wheel and flutter, six or eight of them. Black against the pale blue sky they swoop after invisible prey and glide, motionless. A wonderfully curved line across the front of wing until a single wing-beat destroys the line and restores it. Then they dip again to brush the ground and abruptly rise, fluttering, swerving, and gliding through the evening sky.

VI.

Saturday morning. I have the wonderful sense of a long, precious day before me. I shall not physically leave my room. For an hour I have sat here at my desk, preparing to write. Outside two of the Turkish children play with their baby brother. Doves coo in the trees that fill my entire view. Someone is sawing boards with a table saw. I can hear him methodically bring board after board to the saw. The saw screeches and slows, the board is sawed through and the blade turns freely again. He must have made two or three hundred cuts in the last hour. What is he making? I feel some satisfaction that I too am making something. Or at least am preparing to make something. So many thoughts race through my mind this morning, so many deep feelings surface, that I scarcely set my pen to paper when complications, nuances, further memories and questions arise to prevent my beginning.

BY GARRY TRUDEAU

I look at pages of notes — too many notes. I fill new pages with pre-text, with sketchy descriptions of places and events, but can't bring myself to advance to the sentences and paragraphs through which the experiences I re-live will be lost, misdirected, misrepresented, or disclosed. It is easier to cut the boards, one after the other, connected only by sequence, unencumbered by consequence. I pull at my eyebrows and collect a little pile of short curved hairs on the white paper before me. I bite my fingernails and add the white crescent moons to the curved hairs. There, before me, I can see parts of myself on paper. A text of the body. But only a Lavater or a Barthes could read this text; and they are both dead.

VIII.

Tuesday. Through the afternoon heat I walk through town, down to the cool shade of the plantain trees along the Neckar.

The Hölderlin Tower — round, three-storied, overhanging the Neckar, the last in a row of picturesque houses fronting the river.

For 36 years, after his terrifying, debilitating walk through France, Hölderlin lived in the second-floor room, a half-circle with large windows, in the care of a kind man named Zimmer. Visitors often asked the insane poet for a few lines of verse, requests he honored.

On the outside of the dull yellow tower someone has painted in red letters: "Hölderlin esch ned farugd gwäh!" "Holderlin was not crazy!"

The "Cafe zum Hölderlinturm" is advertising cider for DM 2,00 and frog legs for DM 14,50. I walk to the front of the house and through open windows see people eating their evening meal in the "Holderlin Restaurant." On the wall someone has spray painted "Nur für Verrückte." "Only for the insane."

Next door I look at the display window of a women's book store. The books are all by women authors, in both German and English. I see several I would like and decide to go in. A sign on the door changes my mind: "Nur für Frauen. Überhaupt keine Männer!" "Only for women. Absolutely no men!"

Up the street, next to age-old sycamores, in front of the philosophical institute, a parking sign sings the chorus again: "Nur für Schwerbehinderte." "Only for the handicapped."

For a long time I stand in the growing dark and watch black and gray swallows, their tails doubly sharp, swing low over the river.

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**Theatre Guide**

Symphony Hall, 123 W. South Temple, SLC, Tickets: 533-6407

Capitol Theatre, 50 W. 200 South, SLC, Tickets: 533-6494 or 533-5555 (for Ballet West)

Salt Lake Repertory Theatre (City Rep), 148 S. Main, SLC, Tickets: \$6.50, 532-6000

Townsquare Backstage, 65 N. University Ave., Provo, Tickets: 377-6905

The Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 500 N., SLC, Tickets: \$11.00-20.00, 363-0525

Hale Center Theatre, 2801 South Main, SLC, Tickets: \$4.00-6.00, 484-9257

Pioneer Theatre Company, 300 S. University, SLC, Tickets: Mon.-Thurs. \$10.00, \$15.00, \$16.50, Fri.-Sat. \$11.00, \$11.00, \$16.50, \$18.00, Matinee performances \$8.00, \$13.00, & \$14.50, 581-6961

The Egyptian Theatre, Main Street, Park City, Tickets: \$10.00, \$9.00 w/I.D., 649-9371

Desert Star Playhouse, 4861 S. State, SLC, Tickets: 266-7600

Wednesday, December 13**LAST DAY OF CLASSES!****Theatre:**

"Blithe Spirit," Pioneer Theatre Company, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00-18.00, 581-6961

"A Christmas Carol," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

Film:

International Cinema, 250 SWKT

"Spring Symphony," 3:15 & 9:15 p.m.

"Bye Bye Brazil," 5:15 & 9:15 p.m.

Music:

Percussion Ensemble and Panoramic Steel, Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$3.00 w/I.D., 378-7444

Opera Sketches, Gates Theatre, HFAC, 3:00 p.m., Free! Mormon Youth Symphony and Chorus Christmas Carol Sing-In, Tabernacle, SLC, 7:30 p.m.

Event:

Possible Guest Appearance, 12:00 noon, Cougaret, sponsored by Help Uneducated Boring Underclassmen Blossom (HUBUB)

Rally for Recycling Program, sponsored by Response, 11:00 a.m., checkerboard quad

Concert:

Donny Osmond, with special guest Waterfront, Symphony Hall, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: Salt Palace and Smith's Tix

Thursday, December 14**Lecture:**

Planetarium Faculty Lecture, "Constellations and Sky Lore of the Holiday Season," H. Kimball Hansen, 492 ESC, 7:30 & 8:30 p.m., Admission: \$1.00

Theatre:

"A Christmas Carol," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m., "Flower of the South or Nipped in the Bud," Desert Star Playhouse, 8:00 p.m.

"Blithe Spirit," Pioneer Theatre Company, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00-18.00, 581-6961

"The Foreigner," Egyptian Theatre

Film:

International Cinema, 250 SWKT

"Bye Bye Brazil," 3:00 & 7:00 p.m.

"Spring Symphony," 5:00 & 9:00 p.m.

Dance:

"The Nutcracker," Ballet West, Capitol Theatre, 7:00 p.m., Tickets: \$9.00-31.00, 533-5555

Friday, December 15**Theatre:**

"That Wonderful Disney Music," City Rep, 7:30 p.m.

"A Christmas Carol," Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Flower of the South or Nipped in the Bud," Desert Star Playhouse, 8:00 p.m.

"The Foreigner," Egyptian Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Blithe Spirit," Pioneer Theatre Company, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00-18.00, 581-6961

Film:

International Cinema, 250 SWKT

"Spring Symphony," 3:00 & 7:00 p.m.

"Bye Bye Brazil," 5:00 & 9:00 p.m.

Music:

Utah Symphony's Christmas Concert featuring holiday favorites conducted by Joseph Silverstein, local choirs, and a rousing sing-along with Santa, Symphony Hall, SLC, 7:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00, \$5.00 student, 533-6407

Northern Utah Chorale Society, Assembly Hall, SLC, 7:30 p.m.

Dance:

"The Nutcracker," Ballet West, Capitol Theatre, 7:00 p.m., Tickets: \$9.00-31.00, 533-5555

Sports:

Women's Basketball, BYU vs. Washington State, Marriott Center, 7:30 p.m.

**Saturday, December 16****Theatre:**

"Blithe Spirit," Pioneer Theatre Company, 2:00 & 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00-18.00, 581-6961

"The Foreigner," Egyptian Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Flower of the South or Nipped in the Bud," Desert Star Playhouse, 8:00 p.m.

Music:

Utah Symphony's Christmas Concert featuring holiday favorites conducted by Joseph Silverstein, local choirs, and a rousing sing-along with Santa, Symphony Hall, SLC, 2:00 & 7:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00, \$5.00 student, 533-6407

533-6407

FILM BOX:**Scera Theater:**

745 S. State, Orem, 225-2560

Cinema in Your Face:

45 W. 300 S., SLC, 364-3647

Blue Mouse Theater:

260 E. 100 S., SLC, 364-3471

Movie Hotlines:

Academy Theatre: 373-4470

Mann 4 Central Square Theatre: 374-6061

Movies 8: 375-5667

Pioneer Twin Drive-In: 374-0521

Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas: 224-6622

Carillon Square Theatres: 224-5112

Dance:

"The Nutcracker," Ballet West, Capitol Theatre, 2:00 & 7:00 p.m., Tickets: \$9.00-31.00, 533-5555

533-5555

Sunday, December 17**Dance:**

"The Nutcracker," Utah Regional Ballet, deJong Concert Hall, HFAC, 2:00 & 7:30 p.m., Tickets: 378-7444

"The Nutcracker," Ballet West, Capitol Theatre, 2:00 & 7:00 p.m., Tickets: \$9.00-31.00, 533-5555

"The Foreigner," Egyptian Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Blithe Spirit," Pioneer Theatre Company, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00-18.00, 581-6961

"The Nutcracker," Utah Regional Ballet, deJong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00-6.00 w/I.D., 378-7444

"The Nutcracker," Ballet West, Capitol Theatre, 2:00 & 7:00 p.m., Tickets: \$9.00-31.00, 533-5555

Saturday, December 23**Theatre:**

"The Foreigner," Egyptian Theatre, 8:00 p.m.

"Flower of the South or Nipped in the Bud," Desert Star Playhouse, 8:00 p.m.

"Blithe Spirit," Pioneer Theatre Company, 2:00 & 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00-18.00, 581-6961

"The Nutcracker," Utah Regional Ballet, deJong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00-6.00 w/I.D., 378-7444

"The Nutcracker," Ballet West, Capitol Theatre, 12:00 noon & 7:00 p.m., Tickets: \$9.00-31.00, 533-5555

NOTE: Ballet West's "Nutcracker" continues Dec. 26-30 at 7:00 p.m., with 2:00 matinees on Dec. 26, 29, & 30

533-6407

"Blithe Spirit," Utah Regional Ballet, deJong Concert Hall, HFAC, 5:00 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00-6.00 w/I.D., 378-7444

"The Nutcracker," Ballet West, Capitol Theatre, 7:00 p.m., Tickets: \$9.00-31.00, 533-5555

To Broaden Your Horizons:

Beginning Belly Dance Class, with Yasamina, Casalino School of Creative Arts Annex, 1775 S. 1100 E., SLC, \$35.00 for 6 weeks (\$7.00 per class), 486-7780

Thursday, December 14, Stephen Trimble will

sign copies and read from his book, *The Sagebrush Ocean—A Natural History of the Great Basin*, at Waking Owl Books, 208 S. 1300 E., SLC, 7:00 p.m.

533-6407

"Blithe Spirit," Pioneer Theatre Company, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: \$8.00-18.00, 581-6961

"Flower of the South or Nipped in the Bud," Desert Star Playhouse, 8:00 p.m.

"The Nutcracker," Utah Regional Ballet, deJong Concert Hall, HFAC, 7:30 p.m., Tickets: \$4.00-6.00 w/I.D., 378-7444

"The Nutcracker," Ballet West, Capitol Theatre, 7:00 p.m., Tickets: \$9.00-31.00, 533-5555

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